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VOL. VI

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THE 'CÆDMONIAN' GENESIS

FEW things in history are more marvellous than the rapidity of the progress of Christian learning among the people of Northumbria in the century succeeding their conversion. The northern English remained heathen until about A.D. 625, and the advance of the gospel among them underwent many interruptions and reverses. And yet within fifty years of this date Northumbria gave birth to a man who, without ever travelling beyond the limits of his native kingdom, became the greatest scholar of Europe, a historian whose work would have done no discredit to any age or country, and the master of a Latin style which in flexibility and power no contemporary could rival.

The school of Christian teaching which in Bæda bore such glorious fruit, and which was represented chiefly by the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, was of continental origin, having been founded partly by Italian missionaries, and partly by the Englishman Benedict Biscop, who had studied in southern Gaul, and had more than once visited Rome. But the Continent was not the only source from which Northumbria derived its religious and literary culture. The Irish missionaries from Iona, though conspicuous rather for piety than for scholarship, were not unlearned, and the monasteries which they founded, Lindisfarne, Whitern, Streoneshalh (Whitby), were homes of study as well as of devotion. In the seventh century the monks of Streoneshalh were able to recite to the illiterate herdsman Cædmon the histories of the Old and New Testaments, and were zealous in writing down the songs which he composed. In the middle of the eighth century a bishop of Lindisfarne was the penman of a beautiful copy of the Latin gospels (still preserved in the

British Museum), which, two hundred years later, a priest of Durham provided with a vernacular gloss. Although the two streams of sacred learning in Northumbria no doubt influenced each other (one of Bæda's own teachers, Trumberht, was a scholar of the Irish succession), they appear to have preserved their separate identity for some centuries.

We do not know how much of the vernacular religious poetry, translated or imitated from Latin originals, which was produced in Northumbria during the eighth century, was the work of disciples of the Irish missionaries. There seems to be some reason for believing that the poet Cynewulf, though possibly educated in one of the monasteries of the Iona foundation, at least had received some share of the wider learning introduced by Benedict Biscop and his associates. There is, however, one Northumbrian poem (if it may be allowed such a name) which may with great probability be regarded as the production of an Englishman whose literary culture was derived entirely from Ireland. This is the metrical paraphrase of the book of Genesis as far as the story of the sacrifice of Isaac, which was written about A.D. 700. I have tried to show elsewhere[1] that the autograph manuscript of this paraphrase, written on thirty-two loose sheets of parchment, each containing about eighty lines of verse, came early in the tenth century into the possession of a man, possibly a missionary returned from Germany, who was familiar with the Low German dialect. On reading through the manuscript, this person remembered that the story of the Temptation and Fall of Man, which in the paraphrase occupied only a single page, had been treated by a Low German poet at much greater length and with far more beauty of expression. He therefore made a translation of the German poem or episode into English verse, and placed the ten and a half sheets of his version between the fourth and fifth sheets of the Northumbrian manuscript, deleting the superfluous page of the latter so as to produce a continuous text.

The paraphrase, with its interpolation, has come down to us,

[1] See my paper on 'The Numbered Sections in Old English Poetical MSS.', published in the *Proceedings of the British Academy* for 1915–16.

transcribed into the West Saxon dialect, as the first part of a volume written about the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century, and now in the Bodleian Library. The remaining contents of the volume are two early vernacular poems treating respectively of the story of the Exodus and of some of the incidents recorded in the book of Daniel, and a third poem or series of poems on the struggle between Satan and Christ, ending with the final triumph of the Saviour at the Last Judgement. The manuscript is embellished with a number of contemporary drawings of great interest. The artist left his work unfinished, for after p. 96 there are no pictures, though places are left blank for them on several subsequent pages. The early history of the volume is obscure, but some time before 1650 it was given by Archbishop Ussher to the illustrious scholar Franciscus Junius (François Dujon the younger), who published an edition of it at Amsterdam in 1655, and afterwards presented it with other MSS. to the University of Oxford. When the MS. came into the possession of Junius it had already suffered the loss of several leaves (at least ten in the Genesis portion alone), which had been cut out, presumably for the sake of the pictures they contained, and these excisions have deprived us of some important passages of the text.

The volume is destitute of any formal indication of authorship. But its contents corresponded exactly, so far as it was possible in the seventeenth century to discover, with the account given by Bæda of the compositions of the only vernacular poet of 'Anglo-Saxon' times whose name had been recorded. 'He sang of the creation of the world, and the origin of the human race, and of the entire story of Genesis; of the going-forth of Israel from Egypt and their entrance into the Promised Land, and of many other histories of holy scripture; of Our Lord's incarnation, passion, resurrection and ascension, of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the Apostles; he also composed many songs on the terrors of the coming judgement, the horror of hell-fire and the joys of the heavenly kingdom.' The man of whom these words were written was Cædmon, the untaught rustic who in a

dream received the divine gift of song, and when he had become a monk used day by day to listen to some passage of Holy Writ translated for him by one of his learned brethren, and to render into beautiful poetry the substance of what he had heard. It is no wonder that Junius was convinced that the newly discovered poems were part of the long-lost works of the monk of Streoneshalh. The title of his edition is 'Cædmonis Monachi Paraphrasis Poetica Geneseos et praecipuarum Sacrae Paginae Historiarum'. In Junius's own day the correctness of the attribution seems to have been uncontested; and though at the end of the seventeenth century objections were raised by the great Anglo-Saxon scholar George Hickes, they were for the most part based on assumptions that are now known to be fallacious.

Yet Junius's conclusion, eminently reasonable as it was on the evidence before him, was certainly mistaken. The paraphrase of Genesis, as we shall see, is the work of a scholar who wrote with his Latin Bible open before him. The Daniel poem is more free in treatment, but even though large allowance be made for the possibility of literary alteration, it cannot be regarded as the production of an unlettered poet. And if in the Exodus poem the evidences of Latin scholarship are less obvious, they are not wholly wanting; and it is also apparent that the author had studied the technique, and was deeply imbued with the spirit, of the traditional heroic poetry, in which Cædmon, as his character is portrayed by Bæda, would assuredly have found no attraction. The concluding portion of 'the Cædmon MS.' (as for convenience we may still allow ourselves to call it)—which seems to have been a later addition to the completed volume, and to which the words 'Finit Liber II' have been appended, apparently in a hand coeval with the manuscript—is of an entirely different character from the rest. The poems appropriately described by their modern title 'Christ and Satan' contain nothing that might not conceivably have been written down from the lips of an uneducated poet whose knowledge of sacred history and Christian doctrine came from what he had 'heard with the hearing of the ear'. They are full of the fervid piety which Bæda found

in the songs of Cædmon, and they show real poetic imagination. It is pleasing to indulge the hope that in these poems we have a relic of the work of the earliest English sacred poet, though we cannot suppose that during three centuries of transmission it remained wholly unaltered. This, however, is mere conjecture: all that we can with certainty ascribe to Cædmon is the hymn (of nine lines) composed by him in his dream, which is extant not only in Bæda's Latin rendering but—by the happy thought of an eighth-century scribe—also in the poet's own Northumbrian dialect.

I have already said, without adducing any evidence, that the text of the versified Genesis, as we have it in the existing manuscript, includes a long interpolation translated from a German poem. The reader to whom this whole subject is new (and it is for such readers that the present paper is chiefly intended) may very naturally doubt whether the alleged fact may not be merely the speculation of some pedantic scholar, afflicted with an inability to see that a writer's style and vocabulary may sometimes vary very greatly in the course of one and the same work. The popular distrust of the 'higher criticism' of ancient writings has not always been without justification. But it has sometimes happened that a critical conclusion, arrived at by a great scholar solely on grounds of internal evidence, has been placed beyond dispute by the unexpected discovery of external proof. Of this kind of vindication of the results of truly scientific methods of criticism, perhaps the most brilliant example in the history of scholarship is that with which we are now concerned. In 1875 Professor Eduard Sievers pointed out that the passage of the Old English paraphrase of Genesis relating the story of the Fall of Man (in its present mutilated state consisting of 617 lines) differs strikingly in metre, style, and vocabulary, not only from the rest of the paraphrase, but from all other Old English poetry; and that in all these respects it closely resembles the Low German poem on the gospel history (written about A. D. 830), to which modern scholars have given the name of *Heliand* ('the Saviour'). The inference which Sievers drew from these facts was that the passage was a close translation, in the

original metre, from a lost poem by the author of the *Heliand*.[1]

This bold conclusion did not find general acceptance. It was, indeed, known that at an early period there existed a number of Low German poems on Old Testament history which were ascribed to the author of the *Heliand*; and the facts pointed out by Sievers admitted of no dispute; nor could it well be gainsaid that the proposed explanation was the simplest possible. But it seemed improbable that the work of a Low German poet, whose country had been evangelized by English missionaries in the eighth century, would have been translated into English, and interpolated into an older native poem at a date not later than the tenth century. Several distinguished scholars endeavoured, by various complicated hypotheses, to account for the peculiar features of the passage without accepting the seemingly paradoxical theory of Sievers. The matter might have remained till this day in dispute, but in 1894 Professor Zangemeister of Heidelberg discovered among the manuscripts of the Vatican some leaves of parchment containing not only some portions of the *Heliand*, but fragments of an Old Low German poetical version of the story of Genesis, among which were twenty-five lines of the original postulated by Sievers for the Old English poem. After this discovery, it was no longer possible to doubt that the interpolated passage of the Old English paraphrase was of continental origin.

It is now time to give some account of the two very different works of which the so-called 'Cædmonian' Genesis consists.

[1] Subsequently Professor Sievers modified this view, maintaining that the original of the Old English passage was the work, not of the author of the *Heliand*, but of an imitator. It is dangerous to dissent from the opinion of this profound scholar on a question in which he is uniquely qualified to judge. But I find it impossible to admit that the Low German 'Paradise Lost' is at all inferior in genius or poetic skill to the *Heliand*; nor does it seem likely that the recently evangelized community in Germany can have produced *two* sacred poets of such extraordinary power as is shown in these compositions. In this paper I shall assume (in accordance with the prevailing opinion among scholars) that the *Heliand* and the 'Paradise Lost' have a common author.

The earlier composition (commonly known as the 'Elder Genesis', or 'Genesis A') has a prologue of 111 lines, relating the story of the rebel angels. The remainder is in the main as close a paraphrase of the words of Scripture as the restrictions of metre permitted. The author seems to have been acquainted with Cædmon's 'Hymn', for he introduces an imitation of it (perhaps intended to be recognized as such) at the beginning of the prologue. Whether he knew anything more of Cædmon's compositions we cannot tell. He may have been familiar with them and admired them; he may even have learned from them something of the art of poetic expression; but his object was not poetry but faithfulness to the Scripture record, so that he would probably find little suited to his purpose in the work of the unlettered poet. He was a skilful versifier, and sometimes shows traces of poetic feeling. But the nature of his task, as he conceived it, commanded severe restraint of his powers of imagination. Once or twice, when the course of the Bible story presents him with themes akin to those of the old heroic poetry, he abandons his usual method of literal paraphrase, and shows that he has studied in the school of the minstrels and learned to use their traditional diction and imagery. On the whole, however, his work is interesting not as poetry but as an illustration of the type of scholarship which existed in the Northumbrian monasteries of Irish foundation.

The Irish influence is curiously evidenced in one of the few legendary additions which the paraphrast allows himself to make to the Bible story. The wives of Noah and his three sons, who are nameless in Scripture, are here provided with the names Percoba, Olla, Olliva, Ollivani. Now these names are found in Irish literature from about A.D. 1000 onwards, and there can be little doubt that in Ireland they were known centuries earlier. Their probable origin is odd enough. It would appear that some learned Irishman had met with a reference to the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel under the title *Pericope Oollae et Oolibae,* and that, being desirous of inventing names for the four matrons of the Ark, he found in this sequence a welcome suggestion. Three of the required

names were ready to his hand; the fourth he obtained by adding a syllable to the third. The nameless personages of the Old Testament offered to mediaeval Christians as well as Jews an irresistible temptation to ingenious invention; the wives of Cain and Seth, and the daughter of Jephthah, appear in Christian legend with names that are probably not derived from any Rabbinical source.

As a fairly representative example of the paraphrast's close following of his original, we may take his rendering of the four verses Gen. iv. 13–16. The words of the Vulgate are as follows:

'Dixitque Cain ad Dominum: Maior est iniquitas mea quam ut veniam merear. Ecce eicis me hodie a facie terrae, et a facie tua abscondar, et ero vagus et profugus in terra; omnis igitur qui invenerit me, occidet me. Dixitque ei Dominus: Nequaquam ita fiet; sed omnis qui occiderit Cain septuplum punietur. Posuitque Dominus Cain signum, ut non interficeret eum omnis qui invenisset eum. Egressusque Cain a facie Domini, habitavit profugus in terra ad orientalem plagam Eden.'

The following is a literal translation of the Old English version:

'Him then quickly Cain answered: "I may not hope for any mercy in all the world: I have forfeited, O heaven's high King, Thy grace, Thy love and friendship; therefore must I wander afar, in expectation of woe, whenever I, the guilty one, meet any man who shall charge me with my crime, a brother's murder. I have shed his blood, his life-blood on the earth. This day Thou doomest me to loss of all, and drivest me from my abode; some one of my foes shall be my slayer; I must, O King, depart, accursed, from Thy sight." To him then the Lord of Victories replied: "Thou needst not dread the terror of death, the slayer's stroke, yet a while, although thou must depart, hated, far from thy kinsfolk. If any man shall with his hands rob thee of life, on him shall come a sevenfold vengeance for that sin, punishment for his deed." On him the Ruler, the glorious Creator, set a mark, a sign of peace, lest any enemy should dare to assail him with deadly stroke from far or near; then bade He the guilty one depart from mother and kindred, from his own family. Then Cain went forth mournful, from before God's face, a friendless

exile, and chose him a dwelling in the eastern lands, a home far from his father's fields.'

These lines do not receive full justice in a literal prose rendering, but the loss is not very great, though the alliterative metre is handled with practised ease. There is hardly more poetic amplification than is required by the needs of the verse, and, as the reader will perceive, it is of the most obvious kind; the one striking expression, 'a friendless exile', is aptly introduced, but it was a commonplace of the old heroic poetry. The passage shows, without unduly obtruding, some feeling of the pathos of the Bible story, and its simplicity is not unpleasing. One thing that is very noteworthy is the writer's scrupulous care to leave nothing unrendered in his original. This is characteristic of his method throughout. He shows no disposition to avoid prosaic detail; even the numbers expressing the ages of the patriarchs are turned into alliterative verse. Sometimes, but very rarely, he inserts a pious reflection of his own; sometimes he adds a touch from church tradition, or substitutes the interpretation of some commentator for the statement of the Bible text; sometimes he omits a passage that seems to him unedifying[1] or out of connexion with the main course of the story; and now and then he allows his imagination a little play. But he evidently always has the Bible open before him as he writes, and usually follows it so closely that if he had mistaken the sense or construction of the Latin words the error would be easy to detect. His scholarship bears examination remarkably well; it is doubtful whether his knowledge of Latin can be shown to be anywhere at fault.

What might at first sight appear to be an instance of carelessness in dealing with proper names is really the result of a somewhat interesting attempt at conjectural criticism of the Bible text. It is evident that the paraphrast, or his teachers, had been struck with the extraordinary parallelism of the genealogies of the descendants of Cain and of Seth: each list contains an Enoch and a Lamech, and the Cain,

[1] e.g. Abraham's statement (Gen. xx. 12) that his wife was his half-sister.

Mehujael, Irad, and Methusael of the one list have a strange resemblance to the Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, and Methuselah of the other. The modern critical theory is that the two genealogies are divergent renderings of an original tradition, according to which Noah was descended not from Seth but from Cain. Of course, no such theory as this was possible in the seventh century. But it was possible to suppose that the approximate correspondence between the two sets of names must originally have been exact (with regard to the names themselves, though perhaps not with regard to their order). This opinion has been held, curiously enough, by some quite modern apologists, who have laboured with great ingenuity to reconcile it with their belief in the historical character of the two pedigrees. It is strange to find a speculation of this kind in a writer of the beginning of the eighth century; but the Northumbrian paraphrast had evidently been taught that the names chosen by the Cainites for their eldest sons were identical with those that occur in the list of the ancestors of Noah, and also (an unfortunate though ingenious conjecture) that the eldest son of Cain and the eldest son of Seth bore the same name. Hence in the paraphrase the two genealogies run as follows:

Cain	Seth
Enos	Enos
Iared (with vocalic alliteration)	Cainan
Malelehel	Malelehel
Mathusal	Iared (with consonantal alliteration)
Lamech	Enoch
	Mathusal
	Lamech

This scheme misses two striking coincidences, that of Cain with Cainan and that of the Cainite with the Sethite Enoch, and it introduces a spurious coincidence in the name of Enos; but it is clearly the result of careful thought, and not, as has hitherto been supposed, of mere blundering. The scholars

who framed it are entitled to the credit of having perceived the existence of a genuine problem, though they did not succeed in solving it. It is worthy of note that traces of the same view appear in certain Greek manuscripts of the Bible, and in the English metrical *Genesis and Exodus* (about A.D. 1250), but not (if the printed editions be correct) in the Latin source of that work, the *Historia Scholastica* of Petrus Comestor. The somewhat later English *Cursor Mundi*, also, has 'Enos' for the Cainite Enoch.

We must perhaps recognize a real blunder in the lines corresponding to Gen. iv. 20, 21: the name of Jubal is omitted, and his distinction as the inventor of music is attributed to his brother Jabal, who loses his own proper designation as 'the father of such as dwell in tents'. But it is possible that here the copyist may have left out a couple of lines. We cannot determine whether the author or the scribe is responsible for the substitution of certain well-known names for others of similar sound that were less familiar, as of Aaron for Aran (i.e. Haran), or of Bethlem for Bethel. The reduction of Chodorlahomor to 'Orlahomor' is an intentional change, due to the necessities of alliterative verse.

An interesting evidence of critical reflection may be seen in the author's treatment of the duplicate narratives of the Creation and the Flood, which are due to the different documents transcribed by the compiler of the Book of Genesis. By judicious omissions and transpositions, the parallel versions are made to yield a continuous and self-consistent story.[1]

[1] I take this opportunity of correcting an unfortunate error which I committed in the British Academy paper referred to in a preceding note. In the paraphrase, the account of the Creation of Eve (from Gen. ii. 22) is made to precede the description of Paradise and its rivers (Gen. ii. 8–14). I assumed that this inversion of the order of the Bible narrative was due to a dislocation in the text of the Old English poem, produced by a shifting of two leaves in the existing manuscript. Further consideration has convinced me that this was a mistake. The paraphrast, when in his rendering of ch. i of Genesis he came to the brief statement (verse 27) 'Male and female created he them', found it necessary to transfer to this place the story of the Creation of Eve, recorded in the second chapter. In all other respects the order of the original is strictly followed.

The additions which the Northumbrian writer has made to the text of Scripture are, as we have said, extremely few. To the account of the expulsion of our first parents from Eden he appends the following passage, which has some felicity, and appears to contain a reminiscence of Cædmon's Hymn:

'Yet would not the Almighty, the first Father, deprive Adam and Eve of all his mercies, though they had rebelled against Him; but He left them for their consolation the roof adorned with holy stars; He gave them the widespread riches of the soil, and bade each offspring-bearing kind in sea and land bring forth its fruit for the well-being of the wedded pair. Then, after their sin, they settled in a sadder land, a home less fertile of all good, than was that first abode from which through their own act they had been exiled.'

Of the use of extra-biblical tradition almost the only instance is the statement that the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was changed may still be seen standing. It is remarkable that although the writer can hardly have been ignorant that, according not only to current belief but to the New Testament itself, the tempter of Eve was Satan in the guise of the serpent, he shows no consciousness of this in his paraphrase: for him, as for the biblical writer, the serpent is a serpent and nothing more. And in the prologue (which reads like a metrical rendering of a lucidly and simply written homily), the Fall of the Angels is related without the slightest allusion to the baleful consequences which that event was to have on the history of mankind. The writer does indeed consider this story an indispensable introduction to the narrative of Genesis; but this is only because he holds that the reason for which God determined to create the earth was that the void left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebel host might be filled by the blessed spirits of men. Strange as this view appears to modern apprehension, it was widely held in early Christian times.

As the paraphrast proceeds with his work, his handling becomes gradually more fluent, and he confines himself somewhat less rigorously to the vocabulary of common speech. When he came to speak of the warlike exploits of Abraham,

he found the occasion suitable for the introduction of the phrases which he had heard in minstrel song. 'Many a pale-cheeked woman must go trembling to a stranger's bosom; the defenders of their brides and treasure fell, sore with wounds.' 'Then came together the fierce bands of slaughter; loud rang the javelins; the dusky raven sang among the spear-shafts, dewy-feathered, greedy for the bodies of the slain.' 'Then heard I how heroes risked their lives in battle; in the ranks there was clashing of shields and shafts, slaughter of bowmen, shivering of arrows; sharp spears were fixed, unsightly, in the breasts of men; and lives of foes fell thickly, while the conquerors laughing bore away the spoil.' Conventional as these formulas were, they would not fail to awaken stirring memories in hearers accustomed to listen to the battle songs of old. The heathen minstrels had sung not only of war, but of adventures by sea; and echoes of their diction are heard in the verses that recount the story of the Deluge. But when the writer ceases to deal with heroic themes, he lays aside his singing robes, and follows the words of Scripture with little attempt to adorn them. His recital of the supreme trial of Abraham's faith, which is the last portion of his work that has come down to us, is beautiful in its unaffected simplicity.

In order to do justice to the 'Elder Genesis', we ought to regard it as an attempt to supply the need for a vernacular translation of Holy Scripture. The author's chief aim was the instruction and not the delight of his readers or hearers. That he chose to write in verse need not surprise us. In his age and country, though the art of oratory may have been as highly developed as that of poetry, the prose saga had no existence. For historical narrative in the native tongue metre was the only acceptable vehicle. If we understand rightly the writer's intention, we shall esteem the value of his work more highly than many scholars have done.

The author of the Low German poem which is the original of the 'Later Genesis' was a man of very different type from his Northumbrian predecessor. If he was not illiterate, at least he gives no decisive evidence of scholarship; and he

was unmistakably a genuine poet. A traditional account of him has been preserved in an anonymous fragment, probably not later than the twelfth century. The emperor Lewis the Pious, we are told, desirous that his subjects should possess a poetical rendering of the Old and New Testaments in their native tongue, entrusted the task of composing this work to a man of the Saxon nation, who had already attained among his countrymen much celebrity as a poet. The work was completed with great success, and in the writer's time was still extant. There can be no doubt that the reference is to the *Heliand* and to the version of Old Testament story of which a few fragments have recently been discovered. How far the tradition with regard to their origin is authentic it is impossible to say. The story of the imperial command may be a fiction, though it is by no means incredible that the pious emperor may have taken measures to provide his own people with such a treasure as the English possessed in the songs of Cædmon. And that the author of the *Heliand* and of the Low German 'Paradise Lost' had been a professional minstrel is evident from the whole spirit and manner of his work. In the *Heliand*, as has often been remarked, the Saviour and His Apostles are imagined as a Germanic prince and his trusty thanes, and their deeds are celebrated in the diction of heroic song. The same colouring appears, as we shall see hereafter, in the story of the Fall of the Angels and the Temptation of Adam and Eve; nor is it wholly absent in those parts of the poet's work with which we are not here concerned, that tell of the crime and punishment of Cain and the destruction of Sodom.

I have spoken of the Old English 'Later Genesis' as a 'translation' from the Low German poem; but the expression is not quite appropriate. Old English and Old Low German are not two languages, but closely related dialects of the same language. In the short passage, the original of which has been preserved, the rendering is line for line. Nearly all the original words are retained, with but slight alteration in form. The metre, which is a little looser and more diffuse than that of the insular poets, is occasionally

improved by the omission of a particle; and now and then a word that did not exist in Anglo-Saxon, or that had a different meaning, is represented by a synonym. On linguistic grounds it has been suspected that in one or two other passages, where we have not the means of controlling it, the rendering was somewhat more free; but the evidence is unconvincing. On the whole we may feel assured that the work of the continental poet has gained nothing, though it has probably suffered little, by its transcription in another dialect.

The beginning of the passage transcribed from the Low German poem is unfortunately lost to us owing to the excision of some leaves in the Bodleian MS. The portion that has been preserved begins in the middle of a sentence:

'"but eat of all the rest. Abstain from that one tree, of that fruit beware; no lack of blessings shall be yours." Then to the heavenly King they bowed their heads devoutly and thanked Him for all the wisdom He had taught them. He bade them cultivate that land. Then to heaven returned the strong-souled King. His creatures stood together on the ground; nought knew they of the sorrows they were to suffer when they should no longer obey God's will. They were dear to God while yet they would observe His holy word.'

In this passage, which has no great poetical merit, we have merely a rendering from a Latin poem by Alcimus Avitus, bishop of Vienne about A.D. 500. The concluding words of the original passage are as follows:

'Accipiunt iuvenes dictum laetique sequuntur.
Spondentes cuncto servandam tempore legem.
Sic ignara mali novitas nec conscia fraudis
Incautas nulla tetigit formidine mentes.
At pater instructos sacrata in sede relinquens
Laetus in astrigeram caeli se sustulit aulam.'

So far, the correspondence with the original is so close that if it had continued we should have been unable to doubt that the poet was able to read the Latin verses for himself, and was not, like Cædmon, dependent on his recollection of what had been orally translated to him by men of greater learning.

But although there seem to be slight reminiscences of Avitus throughout the poem, there is no other instance of detailed imitation. The poet follows Avitus in turning aside abruptly from his description of the delights of Eden to relate the story of the Fall of the Angels, and in introducing Satan as speaking in his own person. But here the resemblance ends. The discourses of the rebel archangel to his fellow-conspirators in heaven, and afterwards to the fiends in hell, are full of a fierce passion that has no example in the decorous hexameters of the Latin poet. Moreover, the German poet's whole conception of the history of the temptation is strikingly different from that of the general patristic tradition. For him Satan is not, as in Avitus and afterwards in Milton, in his own person the tempter of mankind. The arch-fiend lies helpless, fettered in hand and foot and neck, on the floor of hell. Bitterly lamenting the ignominy of his defeat, but still unconquered in spirit, he appeals, like some captive hero of minstrel song, to the loyalty and gratitude of his vassals, and offers high rewards to whoever shall succeed in seducing man from his allegiance to the Most High. One thane, braver than the rest, takes upon himself the perilous enterprise, and arrayed in helmet and armour, passes the gates of hell, and flying through the air at length descends in Paradise. Entering into the body of the serpent, he winds himself round the forbidden tree and gathers its fruit. The serpent-disguise seems to have been for the poet a distasteful feature of the story: he was not at liberty to ignore it, but he makes as little of it as possible. Apparently it is in the form of an angel of light that he presents himself to Adam—not in the first place to Eve, as the Bible tells—and urges him to partake of the forbidden fruit. But the fiend is far more cunning than the serpent of the ancient story. Instead of maligning the Creator, he represents himself as an ambassador from God, charged with a new command, which must be obeyed on pain of His severest displeasure. Adam replies with a burst of indignant scorn, before which the tempter is compelled to retire abashed. He then seeks out the woman, and tells her how her husband has rejected his message. If

she will be wiser, and can persuade Adam to share with her the offered blessing, he promises that the Lord shall never know that His word sent through His angel had at first been slighted, and the impending ruin will be averted. His persuasive words have their effect. Eve tastes of the fruit, and then hastens to find Adam, and to tell him how richly she has been rewarded for her obedience to the angelic messenger; she sees God throned among the angels, and her soul is full of light. Surely, she urges, he who has brought these blessings can only come from God; no devil could assume that beauteous form, more fair than anything on earth. For a whole day Adam struggles against these pleadings; at last he yields. The tempter has achieved his task. Joyfully he flies back to hell, rehearsing on his way the speech in which he will announce to his Sovereign his glorious victory, and claim from him the promised reward.

When we consider the extent to which the Low German minstrel has ventured to deviate from the traditional story of the Temptation, it becomes conceivable that, like another poet of a later age, Wolfram von Eschenbach, he may have been wholly illiterate, and may have obtained the matter of his song entirely from oral sources. If this supposition involves the attribution to him of an extraordinary power of memory, we must remember that in an unliterary age the training of the memory must have been an important part of the education of a minstrel; and, after all, his achievement is in this respect not quite so surprising as that of Wolfram. His conception of justice is that of Germanic chivalry, not that of the theological schools. Evidently he feels that our first parents, in their terrible fall, are objects for compassion, hardly at all for blame; they were more sinned against than sinning. When he has told how Eve accepted the fatal gift, he adds the reflection: 'It is a great wonder that the eternal God would ever endure that so many of his servants should be deceived by lies, when they sought for instruction.' Towards Eve the poet's feeling is especially tender. He actually says that it was 'through loyalty of heart' that she obeyed the command of the pretended messenger from heaven.

If she was the first to fall, it was because 'God had given her a weaker mind' than he had given to her husband; this plea is dwelt on more than once; and whenever afterwards the name of Eve is mentioned, it is with some epithet of praise. But even for Adam himself the poet has no word of reproach. In spite of the terrible consequences of his error, he appears as a hero, not as a criminal. His victorious first encounter with the foe, and his long and valiant struggle, are vividly pictured; and though in the end he fails, it is not through base yielding to appetite, but through his faithful love of his companion. His allegiance to his King never wavers; it is never even assailed. The loyal vassal, his sounder judgement at length overborne, no longer sees where the path of obedience lies. Bitterly as the poet deplores the hero's fall, he sees in it nothing ignoble.

But when the deed is done, and the unhappy pair hear the exulting laughter of the victorious fiend, they know their sin in all its horror. At first, as in Milton's epic, the man fiercely upbraids his wife, and utters the vain wish that he had never seen her. Eve replies, with meek simplicity: 'Thou mayest indeed reproach me, Adam; yet canst thou not more bitterly repent than I do in my heart.' Adam can find no answer, and without one further word of blame he laments their common ruin. 'If I but knew', he says, 'what God would have me do, how gladly would I plunge into the deepest depths of ocean so that thereby I might win back His favour!' Then, overwhelmed with grief and shame, the two seek the darkest recesses of the wood; and there, having covered themselves with leaves, they fall on their knees, morning after morning, to implore the unseen God that He will not forget them, and will reveal to them how henceforth they shall live their lives.

Here the fragment ends. Even from this meagre outline the reader may perhaps have been able to recognize the originality and grandeur of the poet's conception. Of the imaginative insight and the dramatic fervour of expression displayed in the poem some imperfect notion may be obtained from the following prose translation, which of set purpose

I have endeavoured to render rigorously literal. The passage chosen is the speech in which Satan addresses his vassals in hell.

'This desolate place is far unlike that other which once we knew, high in the heaven, wherewith my Sovereign endowed me, though the All-ruler allowed us not to possess it, to claim our realm. Not rightly has He done, in that He has cast us down to the abyss of fire, of this hot hell, and deprived us of the heavenly kingdom. He has marked it out to be peopled by mankind. This is to me the greatest of sorrows, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, shall occupy my mighty throne, and dwell in bliss, while we endure this doom, anguish in this hell. Ah! had I power to use my hands, and might win out for one hour, one short winter hour, then with this host would I——! But iron bonds encircle me, the chain weighs heavy upon me; I am powerless. So the hard bars of hell hold me captive; here is great fire above and under. I never saw a more hateful landscape; the flame slackens not, hot throughout hell. The linked rings, the chain cruelly hard, hold me from escape; I cannot stir a step; my feet are bound, my hands are fettered; these doors of hell are firmly closed; I cannot free my limbs from these bonds. Around me stand strong iron gratings forged with heat; God has fettered me by the neck. So I know God understands my thought; the Lord of Hosts also knew well that Adam should wage with me a perilous strife for the kingdom of heaven, if I had command of my hands. But now we endure torment in hell; there are darkness and heat—grim, bottomless; God Himself has swept us into these black mists. Though He can convict us of no sin, nor prove that in that land we did Him any wrong, yet has He bereft us of the light, and cast us into the greatest of all pains. We cannot achieve any revenge, requite Him with any injury, for that He has deprived us of the light. He has now planned out a world, where He has made men after His own image, with whom He purposes once more to people the heavenly kingdom, with pure souls. We must think earnestly how, if ever we can, we may revenge ourselves on Adam and his children, and defeat God's purpose, if we can contrive a way. No longer do I hope to regain that light, which He thinks to enjoy for long, that happiness with His angel host; never can we prevail to appease the wrath of the mighty God. Let us bar the heavenly kingdom to the children of men, now that it cannot be ours; let us bring about that they forsake His allegiance, and disobey the

command of His word. Then will He be angry with them, and banish them from His favour; then shall they see this hell, these dread abysses; then shall we have them for our servants, the children of men, in this strong prison. Let us think on our plan of warfare. If on any thane of mine I have in days of yore bestowed princely treasures, while still we dwelt happy in that good land and held the sway of our abodes, he can never find a more welcome time than this to requite my gifts, if he would consent to make his way out through these prison walls, and had the power to fly in winged shape up through the clouds, to where Adam and Eve created stand on the earth, wrapped in bliss, while we are cast down hither to these depths below. Now they are to the Lord more dear than we were, and shall possess the wealth, and rule in heaven that was ours by right; such is the destiny decreed for the race of men. This it is that is so bitter to my soul, that grieves me in my thought, that they should possess heaven for ever. If any one of you can by any means bring about that they forsake the counsel of God, at once they will become hateful to Him. If they break His commandment, then He will be angry with them; then will their weal be turned to woe, and punishment shall be prepared for them, a hard lot of sorrow. Think ye all how ye may deceive them. Then may I rest softly in these chains, if they lose that kingdom. He that shall accomplish this, for him shall be a reward for evermore, from every gain that in this fire we may conquer. Him will I grant to sit by my own side, whoso shall bring to this hot hell the news that *they* by words and deeds have basely cast off their allegiance to Heaven's King.'

I have chosen to present this passage in a baldly literal translation, because if I had attempted to render it in verse or in poetical prose the reader would have remained uncertain how far its striking qualities might be due to sophistication on the part of the modern translator. My endeavour has been to give it as nearly as possible word for word, carefully avoiding every turn of expression that might call up any recollection of Milton. Yet, I venture to think, the reader must have felt how surprisingly close is the affinity in spirit and in thought between the poet of the ninth century and the poet of the seventeenth. Although the situation described is very different, it is the very Satan of *Paradise Lost*, great

even in his ruin, that speaks in the words that I have quoted. Sometimes there is perfect coincidence even in the expression. When Beelzebub says:

> 'There is a place
> (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
> Err not)—another World, the happy seat
> Of some new race, called Man, about this time
> To be created like to us, though less
> In power and excellence, but favoured more
> Of Him who rules above; so was His will
> Pronounc'd among the gods'

—we seem to be reading a paraphrase of the lines of the ancient poem; and the student of Milton will doubtless have been reminded of several other lines that might easily be taken for echoes of the speech which he has just read.

The passage which I have translated is by no means the only one in which striking anticipations of *Paradise Lost* may be found. Although the soliloquy of the faithless archangel in heaven has nothing corresponding to it in Milton, the thoughts expressed are those on which Milton's Satan dwells in retrospect. When the old German poet describes the pains of hell: 'There have they, each of all the fiends, through eventide immeasurably long, fire ever renewed; then with the morning comes an eastern wind, frost cruelly cold; continually fire or ice'—his words may be simple or even prosaic compared with the magnificence of the well-known passage, but the substance is the same. In *Paradise Lost*, Eve 'knew not eating death'; the older poet says that Adam 'received death and destruction, though it was not called so, but bore the name of fruit'. It is true that these ideas belong to the common stock of tradition familiar to both poets. But the last sixty lines of the fragment, beginning with Adam's reproaches to his consort, are free invention; and yet the brief outline which I have given of this passage might almost serve as a summary of the concluding portion of the tenth book of *Paradise Lost*. That the imagination of two poets should with this minute precision have followed the same course, is surely one of the most remarkable of literary coincidences.

A question which has often been discussed, and which perhaps may never be answered to the satisfaction of all inquirers, is whether the resemblances between the ancient and the modern poem are due merely to the similarity in genius and temper between the two poets, or whether the so-called 'Cædmon' can have been one of the innumerable sources from which the most learned of all poets delighted to derive the matter of his verse. We may say with some confidence that if Milton had known the 'Later Genesis', even in an imperfect translation, he would have seen in it the evidences of genius; and he would surely have found a peculiar satisfaction in polishing and setting jewels from the treasure of the Father of English Poetry. If there could be shown, on external grounds, any strong likelihood that Milton knew anything of 'Cædmon', it could hardly be doubted that some at least of the resemblances we have noted are more than mere coincidences. But these are only bare possibilities. In a letter dated August 1651, quoted by Masson, a foreign writer mentions Milton and Junius among the famous men with whom he enjoyed familiar intercourse in London. The manuscript of 'Cædmon's Paraphrase' was already in the possession of Junius; and it is a tempting conjecture that the great scholar may have been acquainted with Milton, and have talked to him of his wonderful discovery. But that the two men ever did meet there is no evidence to show. Again, it is conceivable that at a later time some Anglo-Saxon scholar, knowing of the great design on which the blind poet was engaged, may have sought to interest him in the ancient poem treating of the same high theme. But it is not known that any scholar capable of interpreting this difficult poem was numbered among the poet's friends; nor, so far as I know, do Milton's own writings, or the testimony of his contemporaries, afford the slightest hint that he felt any interest in Anglo-Saxon studies. My own inclination is to believe that by some unknown means the poet of *Paradise Lost* must have become acquainted with the work of his unnamed forerunner; but I am bound to admit that apart from the internal evidence this belief would have no probability.

The question of Milton's possible obligations to the ninth-century poem, however, attractive though it may be, is after all only of minor importance. What really has a profound interest is the fact that in the second or third generation of German Christians—the fruit of the mission of Boniface and his successors—there arose a poet whose rendering of the story of Paradise is not unworthy to be placed in comparison with Milton's own. In pure force of imagination the elder poet is hardly the inferior of his illustrious successor; his 'fable'—a free construction so far as we know—is poetically finer than that which Milton faithfully accepted from tradition. It must be confessed that the other extant works of this poet do not reach the same sublime level. Nowhere else in Christian sacred story could the singer of heroic legend find a theme so congenial as the great enterprise of the fallen archangel for the ruin of mankind. In the *Heliand* the minstrel instinctively strives to force the history of the Saviour and His Apostles into the mould of the old heroic song, but the gospel story was ill-suited for such handling. The fragments on the murder of Abel and on the destruction of Sodom, though not without beauty, reveal little of the fervid imagination of the singer of the Fall of Man. We may well believe that the poet's greatest works were the worldly songs by which he gained his earliest fame, and which were never written down at all.

H. Bradley.

THE HUMANIST IDEAL

(*Addressed to the English Association in Oxford, October 17, 1919.*)

When I chose the subject, or perhaps I should rather say the title of this discourse, I did not know that it was to be delivered in the Divinity School. I might have found another text, another title, so as not to offend any local genius, Lares or Penates. The religion of the household gods is not of to-day nor yesterday, and the spirit of this place was once unfriendly to the humanists, or at any rate the humanists thought so, and expressed their ideal in terms of strong objection to this School. Look at the two pulpits here opposing one another; those are the engines and artillery of the old fashion, the disputations in the Schools, to which the leaders of the revival of learning set themselves in antagonism, both for the sake of Science which the Schoolmen had broken up with their distinctions and minute analysis, their 'vermiculate questions', and for the sake of the fine art of literature; the humanists had to rescue the truth of scholarship from the web of allegorical interpretation which the Dark Ages had wound about Virgil, Ovid, and the Bible.

It is not my purpose to define the humanities; rather otherwise, to show in a few examples how hard or even impossible it is to define the humanist ideal so as to include all its manifestations. But it is easy to see that it often defines itself, though not logically, by contrast with the old fashions of School disputes and tropological commentary, of everything 'Gothic', whether in architecture or poetry, everything after the heart of the *Obscurorum Virorum*. Proofs are ready to hand, in those Epistles of theirs, in Erasmus his *Praise of Folly*, in Rabelais, in Tyndale. A famous Oxford man, Duns Scotus, lent his name to the party most despised and execrated at the revival of learning: Scotists, children of darkness. The

massacre of his books in Oxford in 1537 was one of the patent triumphs of the new light.

The wonderful group of buildings in which we meet is a record and an image of the humanist ideal more noble and more enduring than the rage of the reformers. Happily in Oxford, though the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are often in sharp contrast, the new fashion has generally spared the old ; so we have here the Divinity School of the fifteenth century unimpaired and fresh in the beauty of its age ; and fronting it on the other side of the quadrangle the Tower of the Five Orders, a curiosity of learning ; the five classical orders of architecture, in stages one above the other, obviously with a didactic aim ; the learned King James duly presiding over them and their edification. To the north Christopher Wren with his Theatre, to the south James Gibbs—Gibbs Scotus—with his Dome, have built the temples of the humanities ; different from the old fashion of the Divinity School, but not refuting or cancelling it ; free from the pedantry of the Five Orders. Even so, Bacon in the *Advancement of Learning*, like Erasmus and More before him, escapes from the vanities of the Renaissance and leaves behind him, as unsubstantial shadows and empty forms, both the rhetoric of the Ciceronians and the minute distinctions of the Schoolmen. The Humanist Ideal—how shall we define it ? Can we do better than the helpless victims of Socrates at the beginning of their dialogues ? If we cannot define at least we may say where the idea is to be found : it is in the *Advancement of Learning*, in the Sheldonian Theatre and the Radcliffe Dome.

Petrarch is often taken as the first of the humanists. There is another before him. One of the first and clearest professions of faith in the advancement of learning is Dante's in the voyage of Ulysses—which is none the less Dante's own faith, though he knows the danger, even the certain doom, of the voyager who leaves the Old World behind. Dante knew (from Boethius, if he had not discovered it for himself) that all light is from Heaven. We might write in his margin not only the well-known words of Robert Burns but the older phrase from the Elizabethan song-book :

Though Fate frowned
And now drowned
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of Heaven for whose fair love they fell.

Do you believe that Dante is speaking only dramatically and not for himself in the person of Ulysses?

'Consider the seed from which you are sprung: you were not made to live as the brutes live, but to follow virtue and knowledge.'

It is all in that, the Humanist Ideal:

Considerate la vostra semenza:
'Still at the worst we are the sons of men.'

But the simplicity and sincerity of this has been corrupted and broken up into many heresies; of some of these I wish to speak.

The most prevalent and the most dangerous nowadays is the division between literature and science. This is comparatively new. The older humanists agreed with the Middle Ages and the Ancients in their interpretation of the Liberal Arts. The Liberal Arts are Sciences: the terms *artes liberales, scientiae liberales, artes ingenuae* are synonymous. The main distinction of studies is not between literature and science, but between studies for the sake of knowledge and studies for some other end. The humanist ideal of studies is to be taken, surely, in its largest and most generous expression. All companions of Pantagruel know where to find it, fully set out in the education of Gargantua, more compendiously in the letter addressed by that king to his son (dated from Utopia, the seventeenth day of the month of March) where the king tells the story of the rescue of learning in his own lifetime since the days of his youth:

'For that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodness been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of knowledge that now hardly

should I be admitted unto the first form of the little grammar-school boys.'

He proceeds to lay down rules of study for Pantagruel, his son:

'I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly; first of all the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly the Latin; and then the Hebrew for the Holy Scripture sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise; and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato, and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory; unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducible, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

'Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of Nature, I would have thee to study that exactly; that so there be no sea, river or fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the books of the Greek, Arabian and Latin physicians, not despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomies get thee the perfect knowledge of that other world, called the microcosm, which is man. And at some of the hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures; first in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament, in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge: for from henceforward as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and rest of study; thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to

succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil doers.'

There is more than this, and it is all good reading whether in the French original or as here, in the language of Sir Thomas Urquhart; full of the humanities and the fresh air of the new season:

'What shall I say? the very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning.'

The same full rich doctrine as was prescribed for Pantagruel is recommended in Milton's letter on Education. The pupils of his Academy end their studies, and are allowed to begin to write, when they are 'fraught with an universal insight into things'. I remember listening to an essay read by Mr. Firth on Rabelais and Milton compared with regard to Education. I do not think it has ever been printed; I still think it ought to be. In the meantime, 'Je prends mon bien où je le trouve'; no wise lecturer will ever invent when he can borrow, and I follow the Regius Professor of History in offering you for comparison the letter of Gargantua to his son and the letter of Milton to Mr. Samuel Hartlib.

There is one curious difference: both Rabelais and Milton write in correction of faults and abuses, defective theory and practice. But whereas Rabelais censures and castigates the old lazy mediaeval customs, Milton finds fault with the time spent in Latin and Greek to the exclusion of substantial knowledge. He stands for the true comprehensive humanist ideal, in place of the limited study of the tongues, which itself is one of the results of humanism—of the humanities taken too strictly and exclusively.

'We do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. . . . A preposterous exaction forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations which are the acts of ripest judgement and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings.'

Here Milton agrees with Bacon: the *Advancement of Learning* is in danger of the Schoolmen on the one hand, the 'delicate learning' of the Ciceronians on the other:

'For men began to hunt more after words than matter, more after the choiceness of the phrase and the round and clear composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgement. Then grew the flowing and watery vein of Osorius the Portugal Bishop to be in price.'

So the humanist ideal contradicts itself, or breaks into factions. The 'renovation and new spring' (which is Bacon's happier phrase for what we call the Renaissance, or, at Cambridge, the Renascence), the renovation and new spring of knowledge took various forms according to the varieties of the human understanding in which it declared itself. One form was this of delicate learning, as Bacon calls it; of 'vain affectations'; accomplished style with nothing of importance to convey.

A variation or imperfect form of the humanist ideal, closely related to the delicate learning of the Latin stylists, is the contempt for the modern languages, and especially for their forms of verse. 'The gewgaw fetters of rhyme, invented by the monks to deceive the people': that is a burlesque phrase from Cobbett's speech in the *Rejected Addresses*; it might pass well enough for a summary of Ascham's real opinion about rhyme in *The Schoolmaster*. Rhyme is barbarous, derived from the Huns and Gothians. Here again we find Bacon opposed to the abstract narrow judgement of the too purely classical scholars: against 'the servile expressing antiquity in an unlike and an unfit subject'. 'In modern languages it seemeth to me as free to make new measures of verses as of dances.'

And here again some strange contradictions may be found. Gullio, the foolish young man, the admirer of Shakespeare in the *Return from Parnassus*, knows at least the name of Ronsard, and Amoretto also knows him, another specimen

of youthful vanity who is all for the newest thing in French, Italian, Spanish. Ronsard, along with Shakespeare, is one of the idols of conceited youth; Ronsard who came afterwards to be blamed with equal injustice as a pedantic scholar, overloading the genius of French poetry with Pindarisms; Ronsard, whose sonnet on the *Iliad*—addressing himself to read the *Iliad* through in three days—is an abstract of the quintessence of humanism—a song of devotion to the Muses, in no mere figurative or conventional sense:

Je veux lire en trois jours l'*Iliade* d'Homère.

But the depreciation of Ronsard need not give us much concern; his fame is not in danger. It may be allowed me here to salute two names of those who have praised him in England: Andrew Lang and George Wyndham.

Along with the scholarly contempt for modern verse it is not surprising to find a dislike of mediaeval romance. Gabriel Harvey, who encouraged the English poets to imitate Greek or Latin forms of verse, did his best to turn Spenser away from the *Faerie Queene* .About the same time in Italy there was endless debate on the merits and principles of epic and romance, summed up, for one side, in the opinion of the Academy *della Crusca*, that 'epic' means an epic which cannot be read, and 'romance' means an epic which can. *Già s' è risposto, che eroico e romanzo è tutt' uno, e s' intende romanzo per un eroico allegro, ed eroico per uno eroico noioso e spiacevole.* Tasso, though in this Battle of the Books he was matched against Ariosto, was not the advocate of the pure classical ideal of epic; and on romance he said something quite as decisive and more urbane than this sentence of the *Crusca*. Some critics maintained that romance was a species unknown to Aristotle. Aristotle, says Tasso, knew the essence of poetry, and is not disabled if a new species of poetry arise after his time. Nor are the new species disabled, nor exempt from his authority, for being new.

Here we come to one of the greatest difficulties, the greatest schisms among the humanists. What is the authority of the Ancients?

The worst of every renovation and new spring of knowledge is that it puts ideas into people's heads who would not otherwise have been troublesome. The deadliest satire on the human race can hardly go further than that one verse of Tennyson in the *Holy Grail*: the King's judgement—

> Lo, one hath seen, and all the blind will see!

The Renaissance brings along with it the danger of classical authority misinterpreted and misapplied: Aristotle and the Ancients, the *Poetics* of Julius Caesar Scaliger, Bossu on the Epic Poem, the Three Unities of Drama.

What is a classic? Is there any sense in which the term may be used without ambiguity?

The best answer, I think, is in one of Goethe's conversations with Eckermann, the upshot of which is that, if you like, you may say 'classical' of any work which is good of its kind. The *Iliad* is classical: so is the *Nibelungen Lied.* One thing Goethe is certain about (on this occasion at any rate)—that the opposition between classical and romantic has been overdone. It still survives as a formula, like those of Polonius. 'The romantic revival', a convenient label in histories, is treated as if it were a scientific explanation. It ought to be looked into.

Byron notes the opposition of classical and romantic as a new thing in his time. He had read the essays of Stendhal, *Racine et Shakespeare*, in which the meaning of the terms classic and romantic is examined. The best-known point of Stendhal's is quoted by Pater in his essay on Romanticism. Every true poet, says Stendhal, for example Racine, is romantic while he is alive; when he is dead he is classical. There is a meaning in this, proper to France, which is lost in English. The opposition of classic and romantic there was a real thing, fought out bodily in the theatres: it was a debate about the forms of drama, in a country where the theatre was alive. A classical type of drama had been enormously successful, and was still productive, active, predominant in authority, when it was challenged by Victor Hugo and his companions. There was nothing like it in England,

and the terms classic and romantic lost their meaning when transferred to this country. The good old-fashioned regular heroic couplets which provoked Keats were not really a dangerous reactionary force, even with Byron as their advocate, like the classical dramatists analysed by Stendhal and discomfited in the day of *Hernani*. The romantic movement in France made a real obvious outward change in the life of the people, in the fashion of the theatre. For a victory like that of 1830, an historical event, an historical name like 'romantic revolt' is not unsuitable. In England there is rivalry between new and old, but the issues are not clearly joined, much less fought out on a visible field with palpable instruments, and there is not the same reason for distinctive badges and liveries.

What is classical in English poetry? For one thing there is nothing like the classical drama of France. Strange enough, considering how the humanists in all countries talk similar things about the Unities and so forth. Will many members of this association trouble themselves to inquire why there is no Racine in England? Possibly not: yet the question is not absolutely futile and senseless. Comparing English and French drama we see how a common ideal may fare differently in different countries through local accidents. The theory of classical drama was once important in the talk of English critics. Shakespeare knew all about it; he was a friend of Ben Jonson. They talked, and not many observed the Unities. In France there was the same kind of talk, and a similar neglect of the Unities, till quite late (years after the death of Shakespeare, when Ben Jonson was near his end) the Unities were suddenly discovered by a working dramatist, Corneille, and turned to good effect, to the creation of a new kind of drama, concentrated, intense. The Unities were effective in France because the French drama had proved itself, in practice, not very effective without them. Shakespeare, without them, had made wonderful theatrical patterns of his own, perfect, some of them, in form and symmetry. The French dramatists, such as Alexandre Hardy, doing without the Unities, had not done anything very great. To Corneille

the Unities, we may say, are not pedantic academic rules, but pieces of good advice helping him to brace his work better. How he thought of the rules he has explained in his general discourses and particular reviews of the several plays in the collected edition (1660). His motive is not the scholarly ideal, following the Ancients; it is the practical man's experiment.

One of the strange omissions in the life of the humanist ideal is the neglect of Greek tragedy. Every poet rushed to the epic poem; the Athenian dramatists were left alone. Scholars read Greek plays, no doubt, but they hardly ever talked about them in the vernacular. Gascoigne's *Jocasta* is a translation of an Italian version of the *Phoenissae* of Euripides: after that I do not remember anything nearly related to Greek tragedy till Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*, and that is not exactly a rendering of Sophocles.

But where else in English poetry is Sophocles even mentioned except in Dryden's prologue to *Oedipus*? 'Thundering Aeschylus' and Sophocles are indeed summoned by Jonson to do honour to Shakespeare: on equal terms with Pacuvius, Accius, and 'him of Cordova dead'. Milton names Sophocles more than once, but conventionally and casually: Mr. Hartlib is asked to take note that the *Trachiniae* is one of the tragedies which treat of household matters. Has any modern poet, except always Racine, studied Greek tragedy as Tasso and Milton studied Homer? Where is Aeschylus among the critics and poets who impose the Ancients on the world? Here he is, in Addison's *Spectator*, No. 357:

> 'I cannot forbear, therefore, thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented these two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics.'

In France does not Aeschylus count for more than in England with the general reader and playgoer? One remembers the *Eumenides* of Leconte de Lisle; and in May last I saw the *Persians* acted at the Théâtre Français; a noble song of triumph, for the victory of a Republic. A mag-

nanimous thing, it seemed to me, for in that great poem the defeated invaders are represented suffering in no ignoble way, with no reviling.

The romantic leaders in France were not against the Ancients: Alexandre Dumas found Sophocles a better craftsman for the stage than Voltaire in his *Œdipe*.

The dividing lines of Goth and Greek, barbarian and humanist, mediaeval and modern, classic and romantic, are never drawn as neatly as the diagrammatist would like. Dryden knows that Chaucer is really classical in spirit and in art, and that Ovid is false wit, too often, in comparison with Chaucer. Addison finds in *Chevy Chase* the unity and harmony which are wanting in modern little 'Gothic' versifiers. And as for mediaeval and Renaissance art Oxford will testify again: in the staircase of the Hall of Christ Church, which looks like Henry VII and really was put there in 1640, when Dr. Fell was Dean; or in the successful hypocrisy of the Codrington Library of All Souls—Gothic outside, to answer the fifteenth-century chapel on the other side of the quadrangle; inside, the perfect image of the eighteenth century, in dignity and grace, unequalled.

There never is any conclusion, when people meet and debate about the humanities: there is no particular advice to be given here to the English Association in Oxford. The best has been said by the Master whom I have quoted already, in the inscription for his Abbey of Thelema:

FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS

'Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice: which is called HONOUR.'

W. P. KER.

TROLLOPE REVISITED

A GOOD many years, and even more than one or two decades, ago, the present writer, in a little book now for some time out of print and forgotten, attempted a 'Corrected Impression' of Anthony Trollope's novels, with which he had then been acquainted for an even longer period than that which has elapsed since. But a man had need to possess a curious and perhaps rather unenviable opinion of his own immutability, who thinks that any critical judgement of his is itself immutable. It so happens too that I—for though the third person is mannerly as an introduction the first is more convenient for continuance—have recently had considerable occasion for again revising judgement of this amazingly prolific, and at the same time singularly substantial, novelist. In writing not long ago of the French novel I found myself more often comparing French novelists of the middle and later nineteenth century with him than with any other English writer.

And when that task was finished, and I had more time on my hands, I occupied some of it in picking up those later novels of Trollope's with which I was less acquainted than with his earlier. I think there is hardly one that I have not read now. Even in correcting my impressions for the first time I had deliberately ignored some, out of a fear that I might find them too inferior to the Barsetshire cycle and others of their forerunners. But, like so many other fears, this turned out to be vain. Not that there are not some of these later books of which I think far from highly; but that I do not find this low opinion of them so damaging as I feared it might be to my general estimate of their author's position. So perhaps, even in this place, there may be room for another valuation which is pretty sure to be final in one sense, if not in another.

It may even seem to be worth doing from a point of view

rather higher than any that can be said to be reached in a mere survey and appreciation of an 'amuser' who was popular in bygone times. For Trollope may, I think, claim to be, in the fullest Emersonian sense, a 'representative man' of one of the most populous as well as popular constituencies in the body politic of modern literature—that consisting of very prolific and as it were professional writers of novels. Excluding Dickens and Balzac (the only novelists of exceptional and individual genius who can be said to have written voluminously since the first third of the nineteenth century) and Dumas père (representing rather a special division of romance than the modern novel generally), I can think of none among English and French novelists except George Sand who can fairly be set against him; of no one among English novelists who can be set against him at all. Now the prolific and professional novelist, if not the most precious, has been undoubtedly the most characteristic literary growth of the last three generations. So the 'highest browed' student of literature—'comparative', superlative, or even positive—need not disdain a study of such a type.

It is from no puerile or perfunctory intention of referring to something already written that I think it best to begin where I formerly left off. It is rather in pursuance of the good old rule 'Get what you have to say against your subject over first'. And although more goodness than was formerly allowed has been already granted to the work of Trollope's last decade and a half, nobody but a mere paradoxer could deny that putting aside his very commencements—when he did not know how to tell a story at all—this part of his work does lay itself most open to unfavourable criticism. When we have seen what is to be said against and also for him here, it will be both pleasanter and more profitable to consider him at his best.

The point at which decadence, real or alleged, begins, is perhaps itself a matter of some controversy. I have known some very good judges—though perhaps judges a little biassed by the fact of having begun with it—who see nothing decadent in *Phineas Finn*. I own that I see a sort of gap and drop between

it and *The Last Chronicle*—which preceded it by not very many months—a gap and drop almost equal to a landslip—and that I do not think the higher level was ever recovered. It is true that Trollope did not now lose—that in fact he never lost—his remarkable faculty of telling a story. Subject to a distinction to be drawn presently, he retained this to the very last. One of his latest—a book which, as it fell to the writer's lot to review it when it came out, frightened him off its neighbours for a time lest he should have to beat a former idol—*Marion Fay*, is perhaps the weakest of all in this respect, though its predecessors by a year or two, *An Eye for an Eye, Cousin Henry*, and *Dr. Wortle's School*, are very far from strong. But a practised and judicial novel-critic will perceive in even the weakest of these something quite different from the case of the common circulating-library tale-teller who can't tell a tale. If you go back to *Is he Popenjoy?* or *John Caldigate* they will give you, though in changed degree, fresh evidence, and you may carry investigation further still through others including the 'Phineas-Eustace-Palliser' group itself, and, what is more, right back to weaklings of the greater period, always strengthening your provisional conclusion as you go. This conclusion will have been—at least if it agrees with the present critic's—that Trollope's novel-writing faculty, at its best of little below first-class quality, went through much the same vicissitudes as the mere physical faculties of other men, but that his economy or administration of it was peculiar and not always judicious. Before *The Warden*, and in that story and *The Three Clerks* to some extent, he did not know how to manage it at all, or how to direct it into his books. In *Dr. Thorne* he made a great advance. From *Barchester Towers* to *The Last Chronicle* he had it in fullest command and play in his greater books—*Barchester Towers* itself, *Framley Parsonage*, *Orley Farm* (not quite throughout), *The Small House*, *Can You Forgive Her?* and the *Chronicle*—less according to me in *The Bertrams*, *Castle Richmond*, and *The Claverings* (some good judges differ from me here but Trollope himself rather agreed), and least in the *Rachel Ray* group. With regard to these last there is something rather curious to add, and it should be noted in connexion

with what is sometimes still more noteworthy in the last group of all.

Although Trollope has left a fair number of short stories he was not a good short-story-teller; and the slightly commercial view which he took of his art probably found support in a secret consciousness of this disability. The result was that he regularly made a short novel out of matter the substance of which was only enough for a short story; while the quality of it was not always suitable even for that. Now it may be doubted whether anybody ever said anything truer about fiction (though many people have said things more original) than that a long story is not a short one pulled out, nor a short story a long one crushed in. Perhaps a born short-story-teller might have made short stories of *Rachel Ray*, *Miss Mackenzie*, and *The Belton Estate* (out of which Trollope, in another sense of the vast verb, 'made' only some five thousand pounds). But nobody could have made a good long or even short novel out of their material, nor out of that of *Sir Harry Hotspur*, *Lady Anna*, and others mentioned or to be mentioned in the later batches. The 'unekality' (as the elder Mr. Weller had it) of the spirit and the water in these compositions was too great. But the spirit itself remained. It gave itself in almost satisfactory quality in *Ayala's Angel* only a year or two before the close; and in the actual concluding pair—the finished *Mr. Scarborough's Family* and the unfinished, remarkable, and just at this time really valuable *Landleaguers*—it ought not to be missed by any intelligent reader. Indeed, in these two it is 'left to itself' in an almost uncanny fashion, more particularly in *Mr. Scarborough's Family*. You don't care in the least for the clever heartless 'schemer' who gives it his name, or for the foolish *jeune premier*, or for the two sons (one a schemer like himself and the other a typical 'prodigal son') whom Mr. Scarborough plays off against each other, or for the heroine, or for anybody else. You don't very much want to know what is going to happen. And yet, if you have any sense of the particular art, you can't help feeling the skill with which the artist wheels you along till he feels inclined to turn you out of his barrow and then deposits you at his if not your

destination. You have perhaps only *beaux restes* of that skill; but the *restes* are *beaux*.

In respect, therefore, of the mere story, it may be possible to reply with some effect to the Devil's Advocate; in regard to all the weaker and not merely the later novels—let us for the moment pass from story to character. Here Trollope had always shown a curious inequality and uncertainty; an inequality and uncertainty which, let it be said at once, disqualifies him for the absolute front rank of novelists. Nothing distinguishes the members of this front rank so much as their unerring, or scarcely ever erring, grasp in creating and projecting personality. It is in fact in this, first and last of all, that the novelist proper separates himself from the romancer as such. This is where Fielding and Thackeray, where Flaubert and even Maupassant never or hardly ever go wrong. But even in his early days Trollope had in this respect been unequal and uncertain. In almost all the books from the time when he made his mark with *The Warden* till *The Last Chronicle*, he maintains a high standard, though in *The Three Clerks* and *The Warden* itself he is by no means sure of hand. But in *Castle Richmond*, in *Miss Mackenzie*, in *Rachel Ray*, in *The Belton Estate*, all of them written before the Barsetshire series ceased, there is again a curious absence or at least relaxation of this grasp. Had Trollope's work ceased with *The Last Chronicle* there would have been a pretty opening for critics who like such things. In the cases where the command of character did not appear, was it real uncertainty of command or was it merely that the artist had not taken sufficient pains? If at this period, not merely had the work ceased, but the rather unfortunate 'Autobiography' had appeared, the latter explanation would certainly have been the more popular. 'Of course,' people would have said—they actually did say it when the later revelations came—'a man who writes novels as if he were hewing coal or planting cabbages—so much work in so many hours *per diem*—will sometimes merely "potboil", will even sometimes allow the pot never to come to the boil at all.'

Something, nay a good deal, may no doubt be allowed for

this; but it is doubtful whether it completely meets the facts. If it had been merely failure to take trouble now and then, there would have been also, now and then, instances where 'the fire kindled' and the pot not merely turned out not uneatable food but boiled as merrily as ever. But it is scarcely too much to say that there were none. And the most cold-blooded of artists cannot always keep such a constraint upon his genius or talent as to maintain it steadily at thirty degrees under proof like the spirits of the ever-to-be-execrated Board of Control. But there were no doubt some minor reasons besides positive failure or exhaustion of power for the falling off. It may have been wise for Trollope to kill Mrs. Proudie (the death certainly produced some of his finest work) and even to turn off, almost entirely, the 'Chronicle' tap of that fortunate county. But to some extent at the same time he drove himself out of Eden. The 'new faces, other ways' did not inspire him as the old ones did. It is very curious to see how, when he does allow himself and us renewal of old acquaintance, there is a momentary brightening up of the character-interest. Earlier, one had taken no great interest in Mr. Palliser, except in his brief and ever-delightful attempt at forbidden aradises with Griselda Grantly, and as a foil to his delightful wife; now one greets his reappearances, as a person if not as a politician, with something like enthusiasm. There is some pleasant bittersweet in the notion of Frank Gresham, *père de famille* and a county worthy (but no doubt still cherishing the whip which admonished Mr. Moffat), preventing as far as he can a row in the streets of Silverbridge. Even later still, and among a lower class of connexions, one of the best parts of not the worst work, *Ayala's Angel*, is when it revives for a moment the personages of *The American Senator*. Indeed, the cross touches in the *Phineas* and *Eustace* group, and the radiations into others from that rather dreary book *The Way We Live Now*, serve to illuminate and inspirit. But the majority of the characters of the new books were themselves new; and it must be a very odd taste indeed which does not decide that the old were better.

Again, there is a cheerful theory that our faults always grow

upon us, and Trollope had certain weaknesses which were likely to do so. One was, not coextensive with but a part result of, his fancy for dealing largely with love. In this fancy itself there was nothing reprehensible. Only very pretty or very ugly young ladies, very stupid or portentously clever young gentlemen disdain, or far more probably in two of the classes would pretend to disdain, love as motive. In fact a novel without love is, to adopt King Henry the Fifth's simile in less shocking fashion, 'like beef without mustard'. And Trollope had always recognized this truth: though even in his earlier days, as we may have to notice, his treatment of the subject was not impeccable. It grew much worse later. John Bold, Lucius Mason, and even Felix Graham, had been prigs; Mr. Slope was the modified villain for whose flogging at the gangway we cheerfully cheered; Mr. (afterwards Dean) Arabin was but so-so; Crosbie another villain; Johnny Eames, though much the best of the lot as a lover, not perfect. But they all (except the prigs) played their parts sympathetically enough (for it shows real sympathy in the villain to get himself flogged); and even the prigs were not quite despicable. Phineas Finn himself at the beginning of the decadence, and Lord Silverbridge in *The Duke's Children* near its end, are very despicable creatures indeed. Nothing short of kicking could fitly reward the Irishman for making Lady Laura Standish a confidante of his love (if you call it so) for Violet Effingham; kicking would perhaps be too much for Silverbridge's desertion of his first love—one of the most remarkable of Trollope's later characters—in favour of an American girl of whom we are told that she was pretty and rich, but who is not made actually attractive in any way whatever. Still, he deserves at least infinite contempt. On the other side of the account, it is undeniably true that women do manifest an inexplicable leaning towards 'bounders'. But, once more, the way in which *such* a bounder as Mr. Lopez in *The Prime Minister* made himself attractive to such a girl as Emily Wharton, and took in so acute a personage as that Lady Glencora whom one hardly cares to call 'the Duchess', is never even suggested. Now these failures all show a lost command of

character-touches. There is almost nothing so bad or so disagreeable that a novelist may not make his personages do it if he can fix our attention on the naturalness and necessity of their doing it. It is when this naturalness and necessity do not make themselves felt that criticisms of the kind just made are justified.

Having made them, however, it is time, even in regard to this period of comparative twilight, to add something to the praise for mere readableness which has been already given, before we turn to the work of those remarkable twelve years from 1855 to 1867 which gave Trollope his real place among English novelists. The singular familiarity with the ways not merely of law-courts but of the High Court of Parliament itself, which Trollope displays, has been commented on by Mr. Frederic Harrison, to whom one may be quite content to 'say ditto' without endeavouring to better his commendation. It may, however, be observed that it is an instance of that larger and almost singular faculty for 'getting up a subject' which Trollope possessed. He does not appear to have, as Thackeray, Charles Reade, and many lesser men did, taken much trouble to 'fag' his subjects up from books. In respect of one of his earliest acknowledged and greatest successes in this way—clerical life—he has declared—and he was not at all the sort of man to declare such a thing falsely, though the habit is not unknown among men of letters—that when he reclined in Salisbury Close and thought of *The Warden* he knew scarcely anything about this life at all. Hunting, another of his fortes, he certainly did learn by hard and constant practice. But he never was in Parliament, though he learnt a good deal about the ways thither (and not thither) in his candidature at Beverley; and he cannot have had much time to attend Westminster Hall or the Old Bailey. So he must have had a knack of what we may perhaps call imaginatively living his way into things; in one respect he certainly justified Mrs. Malaprop as to the excellence of beginning with aversion. Among his by no means few crazes was an almost monomaniacal disapproval of the English theory of an advocate's duty: to wit, that it is *not*

his duty to ask himself 'Is my client innocent?' but to use every permissible means to get that client pronounced Not guilty. To this view—the only one consistent with common sense and the conditions of possible human existence—Trollope was frantically opposed. He might, if he had been less of an artist, have written dreary purpose-novels against it. But as a matter of fact, whether Art made a Balaam of him or not, Mr. Chaffanbrass in *The Three Clerks*, the same redoubtable person and Mr. Furnival in *Orley Farm*, are triumphs; and the last appearance and last triumph of Chaffanbrass himself in *Phineas Redux* is also one of the last appearances of the true Trollope in the whole shelf of his works.

The unlucky and eccentric *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, which appeared as a book in 1870, had been contributed to the *Cornhill* nearly ten years earlier; and the few aged people who remember its appearance may also remember how much and how unfavourably it surprised most readers. It was indeed said at the time (though Trollope's own very frank remarks on it do not support this) to have been cut short at the publisher's request. This might by no means have spoken its character, for Lever's *A Day's Ride* was by common repute equally unfortunate, and there are no small merits there. But certainly the 'below stairs' or rather 'behind the shop' humour of *B., J., and R.* was not quite happily brought off. On one book of length which preceded this as a book, and of another a little later—*He knew he was Right* and *Ralph the Heir*—their author is even more refreshingly candid. He thought the first 'nearly altogether bad', and the second 'one of the worst novels he had ever written'. Curiously enough, I read these two for the first time comparatively recently but before I undertook this complete re-survey; and having then never looked at the Autobiography since its first appearance a quarter of a century ago, I had entirely forgotten what he said about either: but I believe, if anybody had asked my opinion, I should have used almost his very words. He got nearly six thousand pounds for the two. I think if they had been first novels and a publisher had asked me to read and appraise them I should have said,

'They can be read and will pass through a circulating library well enough; but they have no literary value whatsoever.' *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, which came between them, is very much better than either; but it is odd that Trollope should have regarded it as chiefly a study of 'One more unfortunate' in Carry Brattle. He had few or no gifts for such a study, and in reading the book—again without reference to remembrance of his words—I scarcely thought of her as anything but a 'super'. The failure of *Ralph the Heir* and the slightness of *The Golden Lion of Granpère* were made up in 1873–4 by *The Eustace Diamonds* and by *Phineas Redux* (which is almost more a sequel of the 'Eustace' book than of its own predecessor in title). It is true that there is no reversion to the actual heights; and I do not know that I want to read either book again. But the monkey tricks of Lizzie Eustace are amusing, and sufficiently (though not superlatively) real; one feels it to-day to have been almost unfair that her remarkable second husband should not have lived a generation later and had a chance of rounding off the Duumvirate of Petrograd into a Triumvirate, for which he would have been admirably qualified by nationality and character; and the last appearance of Mr. Chaffanbrass already spoken of is, what last appearances by no means always are, a great success. There was nothing so good later, though I at least think better of *The American Senator* than its author did. There are some admirable touches in it, as where the visitor, asked his opinion of his host's priceless claret, goodnaturedly admits that it is a pity that his own country 'does not drink more of *these light wines*'. On the other hand I have already differed from his opinion of *The Prime Minister*.

The Way we Live Now, with some good things, is hardly one of the rare instances in which an author's attempt to 'bring himself up to date' has been successful: and if there were nothing else to say (something has been said) against *The Duke's Children*, it would weigh against it that Lady Glencora had to be killed to make it possible. Trollope was rather fond of this kind of murder. One cannot blame him for killing off John Bold between *The Warden* and *Barchester*

Towers, for John had already been much luckier than he deserved, and his sole reason for existence had been to start the theme of *The Warden* itself. The murderer confessed the wantonness of his marrying Phineas Finn to an Irish girl (much too good for the creature!) and then in the same way oublietting her in a book-interval. But the butchery of Lady Glencora—even of the somewhat faded 'Duchess' of *The Prime Minister*—for no other reason than the same, is really sad; for she had been perhaps the most *delightful* of all his heroines.

If it has seemed to anybody that our revisiting of Trollope has hitherto been not very prolific of blessings on him, let the very last sentence of the last paragraph serve as a hinge for turning the table of judgement. If one deplores, almost resents, the death of Lady Glencora it is because one has recognized and rejoiced in the fact that she lived. And this is, for her creator, the highest possible praise in kind, though the question of degrees may remain. We have often—since the time when Lesage first took to novel-writing seriously both by precept and example—had some, and as time went on more and more, discussion of what fiction ought to be. Some of our Zarathustras, especially those coming over the sea, have spoken so that they were very little understood of the people, though much revered by their sectaries. For the present writer the ultimate questions have been much simpler. Is the romance such that you see the perilous seas and ride the *barrière* as in your own person? Are the folk of the novel such that you have met or feel that you might have met them in your life or in theirs? If so the work passes; with what degree of merit is again a second question.

If there be any soundness in this view Trollope has 'passed' already, and it only remains to turn attention to the part of his work in which his passing carries 'class' with it. The way of romance he does not take with any success, nor as a rule does he attempt it; still less that highest way of all where the adventurer tries and wins the combined event, romance *and* novel; though it is to his credit that when he saw in *Esmond* a success of this kind, he knew it and saluted

it. But the novel prize, if not in the highest possible degree, he takes.

That it was some time before he showed himself worthy of it; that he stumbled and fumbled along before he got his feet straight on the way and his hand firm on the tools, is of course unquestionable. From that almost more than autobiographical autobiography, the 'Charley Tudor' part of *The Three Clerks*, as well as from the Autobiography itself, it is clear that he made many false starts. And even when he got off and ran some sort of a course, it was a rather woful exhibition of 'selling (or not selling) plater'-ism. He pleads for the plot of *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, he even calls it 'a good novel'; but the present writer remembers it only with a kind of shudder, as one of the numerous justifications of Matthew Arnold's remarks on the artistic hopelessness of dull and undistinguished misfortune and ill-success. *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* is livelier, and, not only for that reason, better; but it again quite lacks distinction. I do not know that any one has ever said a good word for *La Vendée*, which I myself found simply unreadable. And then, nearly ten years after *The Macdermots*, and when the author had himself 'come to forty year', came *The Warden*. I have never, when I could have done so, taken the trouble to read original reviews of this little book; and am not now in a position to do it. He says there were some not unfavourable. It would have been very easy to have found fault with it. There is a great deal too much 'talkee-talkee'; the author has not even yet got his characters clear in his mind; the going out of his way to present Archdeacon Grantly with three sons (who had to be discarded or transmogrified later) in order to satirize the three then famous bishops of London, Exeter, and Oxford was as inartistic in one kind of taste as in another; the Warden himself is nearly as much of a coward as of a conscientious martyr, &c., &c. But even among the divagations the parody on Carlyle was extremely clever; and in the pure novel-work the scenes between John Bold, Mr. Harding himself, the Archdeacon, Tom Towers, &c. were such as no novelist then writing could have done except

Thackeray, and though not up to Thackeray's mark in universal and eternal verity, were closer to date and to actual atmosphere. The funniest thing in it is the author's apology for Archdeacon Grantly at the end, where he begs pardon for faults that he has not really made the man commit, and assures us of virtues whereof we have been quite aware all the time. But, as has been hinted, he as yet only saw the characters he had devised 'in a glass darkly'. By diligent practice he was to make them perfect, and by steadily fixing his attention, to see them in that perfection.

After all, however, the chief interest of *The Warden* is that it served as a shoe-horn to draw on *Barchester Towers*. Trollope's own remarks on this masterly book are some of the most curious to be found in that album of curiosities which is, or might be, filled with the opinions of literary fathers on their book-children. He says no evil of it, but thinks that it would hardly be well known had there been no *Framley Parsonage* and no *Last Chronicle of Barset*. In one sense, of course, this is a truism—for the readers of *Barchester Towers* certainly include some who have been sent to it by its sequels. And the immense popularity of the *Cornhill* opened the knowledge of Trollope's novel-writing powers proportionately. But it can hardly be wrong to construe into the ruling something like an assertion or admission of inferiority in the entire book. This inferiority, on sound principles of criticism, I can by no means admit. The admission is most likely to find supporters in the case of *The Last Chronicle* perhaps; and something will have to be said on it in reference to both the later books. But in regard to *Barchester Towers* itself I should say that for originality of character- and manners-drawing, economy and yet opulence of material, and close observance of the rigour of the game, it is emphatically its author's best novel. If there is a greater volume of interest in *Framley Parsonage*, and a still greater one in the other admirable story, it is because the author has thrown the interests of two or three novels into one.

This book is really and purely a 'prose comic epic' of the rise, decline, and fall of the Rev. Obadiah Slope. And yet we

never feel the monotony and 'thinness' which observance of the Unities is sometimes, and by no means without reason, supposed to bring with it. The book has an abundant 'company', a rich store of apparent episodes, delectable conversation, &c. None of these things forces Mr. Slope on us; but they are all connected with him. The Bishop and his immortal wife (her future mortality was to make her more immortal in two ways, but she is so already here) would be admirable anyhow, but they are indispensable as Mr. Slope's introducers. The amiable folly of Mr. Harding is aroused and set off once more by Mr. Slope's machinations. The wrath of the Archdeacon (himself much raised and purified by this generous passion) has Mr. Slope and Mr. Slope's patroness for object. The tribulations and triumphs of the Quiverfuls are equally concerned with this Obadiah. His affair with Eleanor Bold (one may not care for her, but she is natural to the *n*th) gives most of the body of the book, and controls its crowning scenes, or one of them. For his other affair and the other crowning scene with the Signora has given us the Stanhope family, one of Trollope's greatest successes. I have sometimes thought 'the Signora' his very best and most original invention, though not his most elaborate.

Of course, the book is not faultless. When Longman's reader wanted to cut it down to two-thirds he showed himself—what enraged authors have too often called publishers' readers. But you might cut out a little 'talkee-talkee'—perhaps the odd 37 pages of the 737 of the cheap one-volume edition before me—without loss. Those who do not suffer even amiable fools gladly may wish that both Mr. Harding and his daughter were a little less liable to this description, though they are 'natural' in the best as well as the worst sense of the word. And undoubtedly it is possible, if one may use an admirable French word which has no succinct English equivalent, to *crosser*—to say disagreeable but not violent things about—Mr. Arabin. That he is brought down to Barchester to fight with Mr. Slope and that the fight doesn't come off—for though he does get the Deanery and Mr. Slope does not, this is no more Mr. Arabin's own doing

than the Man in the Moon's, much less according to some old theories—need not matter. Thackeray, or even a less master of the irony of human things than Thackeray, could have made an actually great thing out of this very fact. But Trollope has no notion or intention of such treatment. On the other hand he tells us that Mr. Arabin is a master of sarcasm and brilliant conversation, and never puts into his mouth anything but the most commonplace utterances; he makes him behave like a mere nincompoop with both his young women; he infects him with what for once the enemy may justly call 'Victorian sentimentality'; and he crowns this edifice by representing him as having somebody else's baby put into his arms by that one of the young women with whom he has just been having a rapturous first-love scene—author and actors both seeming to regard this as a triumph of combined passion and propriety.

Nevertheless, once more *Barchester Towers* seems to me its author's best novel, all things considered, and one of the best of English novels short of the absolute 'Firsts'.

Of neither of the two that followed it could this be said; though both have great, and curiously different, attractions, Trollope's own extreme partiality for *The Three Clerks* is perfectly and, to all but curmudgeons, pleasantly intelligible. For 'Charley Tudor' is Anthony Trollope himself—entrance into the Civil Service; somewhat disorderly novitiate therein; sufferings from importunate money-lenders, &c., being clearly 'lived' things, and afterwards explicitly confessed as such in the Autobiography. What is more (though it would not have done to confess this) we may take it as certain that Norah Geraghty had at least one and probably more than one model, while Katie Woodward—the 'buttercup' of that day, the 'flapper' of this—almost certainly had *one*. Here is not merely what we may call the synthetic life-blood of all novel characters that are good for anything, but the thing itself, drawn from the vein and transfused into the book. And there is much else that is good, especially Undy Scott the villain, and the great instrument of vengeance on him, Mr. Chaffanbrass. But the book has also considerable faults.

Of Charley's elder and more respectable companions Norman is a virtuous, sulky prig, and Alaric, though not disagreeable, rather despicable. Their chop-and-change loves, the elder Woodward girls, have little character or attraction. The 'old salt' uncle is not very good. The satire on the apostles of Competitive Examination (though Heaven knows both it and they lent themselves to satire!) is clumsy. And there are many minor absurdities—the most glaring of which, if not the most important, is the name of the dancing Frenchman, Victoire Jaquétenape. Yet it is a pleasant book on the whole, and a very critic of critics ought to be interested by the way in which the artist alternately advances and backslides in his not yet perfected art.

There is very much more of this art in *Dr. Thorne*, the popularity of which seems rather to have surprised its author. He tells us that the 'plot'—by which one supposes (for he does not exactly say so) that he means the suspense about Sir Roger Scatcherd's will, and its influence on the fortunes of Frank Gresham and Mary Thorne—was supplied to him by his brother, T. Adolphus, the well-known writer of historical Italian stories. But does one think very much about the 'plot' in *Dr. Thorne*? It seems, to me at any rate, to be much less regular than that of *Barchester Towers*. In fact Trollope by this time was getting, consciously or unconsciously, at that fortunate combination of several interests which gave us his biggest (in more senses than one) books: *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House*, *Can You Forgive Her?*, and *The Last Chronicle*. But we know from the first that Frank will not marry Miss Dunstable and will marry Mary, if we don't know from the first that Miss Dunstable will marry Dr. Thorne; and are perhaps, even at the last, not very ready to say why, in a later book, *they* married each other, though we don't forbid the banns. There is still too much 'talkee-talkee', but this can be skipped; the rather unduly long narrative overture can be, if anybody chooses, treated in the same way; and then you have abundant material for the literary equivalent of the process which is Homerically described as 'taking out your desires' of drinking and eating.

Frank's coming-of-age dinner and that at Gatherum Castle; his flirtations with Miss Oriel and Miss Dunstable and Mary herself; his flogging of Mr. Moffat; the election; the character of Lady Arabella throughout; the reappearance of the Proudies and the preparation for later books in the De Courcy men and girls—all this and much more is opened out bountifully, and you have only to fall to it. The actual 'Scatcherd' part is less interesting but still interesting enough.

After *Dr. Thorne* Trollope immediately diverged into travel-writing (which he did fairly, but which, like his later ancient and modern biographies, was but truancy from his proper business) and then, returning to that business, 'came', as he frankly confesses, two 'croppers' in it. The first of these, *The Bertrams,* is not entire cropper; the Littlebath business, Sir Lionel Bertram, and Miss Todd (a variant on Miss Dunstable) are far from unrefreshing. But it has a rather 'strawy' hero, a disagreeable heroine, and a half melodramatic, half dull-gloomy conclusion. These last things were quite out of Trollope's reach. *Castle Richmond,* more unrelieved, is worse.

With *Framley Parsonage* he came home again, and the home-coming was a great success. It is true that the most prominent personage, if not exactly the hero, is a very poor creature. The Rev. Mark Robarts is something of a snob, a good deal of a fool at first (one cannot imagine a man going through Oxford in those days and not knowing that if he signs a second bill without securing or seeing the destruction of the first he will be liable for both), and later either a fool positive or a bit of a rogue in not seeing that the acceptance of a prebendal stall, through the influence of a man whose bills he has backed, is about as near simony as anything not formally simoniacal can be. But people are and do all these things; so that the book cannot be barred for that. All the rest of it is capital. Lady Lufton is one of Trollope's best characters; and her mute duel with the Duke of Omnium is only the keystone of an admirable arch of creation. Mrs. Proudie, who had been somewhat 'occulted' in *Dr. Thorne,* blazes again in the Great Interruption 'And Christianity!' and is of considerable magnitude elsewhere. Mr. Sowerby

and his sister and his brother-in-law would make the fortune of a very fair novel by themselves; and the apparition of Mr. Crawley—he had been indicated, but only indicated, as far back as *Barchester Towers*—does much and promises more. Nor does the love part discredit the rest; for Lord Lufton at least plays his part well, Lucy Robarts is one of Trollope's most satisfactory heroines, and Griselda Grantly (her sister killed off to give her more play) deserves as much admiration as she does little love. Mr. Crawley's blessing in this book on Lucy Robarts for the care of his wife is one of the few good blessings of fiction. It is only inferior (if it is that) to the Gypsy Madge's in Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn.*

There is no doubt that this book, which was already handsomely paid for ('the details were very interesting' as he characteristically says somewhere), made Trollope's popularity through the widely-read medium of the *Cornhill,* and procured him the much larger profits which for many years he received—sometimes, as noted above, for work of by no means high class. Of his *Tales of all Countries* published now and later, as of his other short stories, we need say little or nothing. They are rarely good, and never first rate. But *Orley Farm* is a book of great critical interest. He thought very highly of the central story—that of Lady Mason, who has forged a will (or codicil) in her son's favour, has her cause espoused and herself proposed to by a baronet of old lineage, confesses to him, is acquitted at a second trial (for perjury at the first), but gives up both suitor and booty. As in some other places I am unable to follow him here, for the situation does not seem to me fully 'brought off'. The book is further burdened with two prigs—Lucius Mason, the son, who is nearly intolerable, and Felix Graham, a barrister who shares Trollope's fads as to advocacy, and is most improperly rewarded with the hand of a very nice girl. But even Graham's previous entanglements with a young person of the lower class (whom he has taken into his head to educate with a view to marriage) are good fun; the family and household of his future father-in-law, Mr. Justice Staveley, are delightful; the trial with Mr. Chaffanbrass *redux* and a new light of the bar,

Mr. Furnival, who is almost his equal, and contributes a third family underplot, is as good as it may be; and, lastly, the book has a crowd of low-comedy personages, bagmen and their belongings, who are of the author's best. The scene where the Attorney Dockwrath, Lady Mason's enemy, usurps the privileges of a commercial room and routs its proper occupants, is 'almost the true Dickens' or rather a worthier and not imitative parallel; and the Chief Bagman, Mr. Moulder, would do credit to any novelist. Here too are almost the first of Trollope's admirable hunting scenes—things enjoyed, I believe, equally by those who do hunt and those who do not. Still, I cannot rank *Orley Farm* with the main Barsetshire edifice, or with its two 'wings', as we may call them, *The Small House at Allington* and *Can You Forgive Her?*

On these two, which were written practically together and finally published in the same year, Trollope with his usual and not disagreeable frankness prides himself not a little. And he had good reason for doing so. There are, of course, many greater novels than either; and, as has been said, the present writer would put above them both *Barchester Towers* and *The Last Chronicle*, the one for excellence *à peu de frais* and the other for good results on more lavish consumption of means. But they themselves, in the last category, come very little short of *The Last Chronicle* itself; they by no means repeat each other in any way, and altogether present an extraordinary amount of 'fine' and by no means 'confused feeding' to the hungry novel-devourer. Of course, fault may be found with both, and especially with *The Small House*. The half-hero half-villain Crosbie is not only an immeasurable cad but a very great fool, and that too in a kind of folly inconsistent with the first 'specification' of him. For he is presented as a man of rather unusual brains and much more than usual familiarity with the world. There was admittedly little or nothing in Lady Alexandrina de Courcy's age, person, manners, or conversation to make a man fall desperately in love with her for herself; and Crosbie had had time to grasp what attractions she had. He must have known that Lord de Courcy would probably give him no—or no immediate—money;

would pretty certainly do nothing for him; and would be an extremely disagreeable father-in-law. Whatever youthful critics of Victorian things may think, there was nothing in the middle of the 'sixties so rapturously intoxicating in the idea of having a peer's daughter for your wife as to throw a not very young man of considerable experience off his balance. Again, Lily Dale—who is confessedly Trollope's favourite heroine—pretty, lively, and ill-treated as she is, is not exactly sympathetic. Some very wicked pe ple have even discovered in her slight approaches to something distantly resembling vulgarity—a frightful disease which earlier our author had not always entirely escaped. One does not know quite what to make either of her apparent combination of the 'once in love always in love' notion for Crosbie with her (no doubt very sensible) refusal later to give him a chance of repentance; or of that minor but, according to Trollope, existing affection for Johnny Eames, which again later could not stand the supposed rivalry of Madalina Demolines. Bernard Dale does not cut a very good figure either as lover or as 'big brother's' *locum tenens.* Bell and her Doctor are rather null; and the Squire is not fully 'brought off', though very nearly so. But this discounting leaves plenty to credit. Johnny Eames himself is very good—an improved Charley Tudor, *décrotté*, to begin with, and supplied with a touch and not too much of the hero of romance. Lord de Guest and his sister are capital secondary characters, and the introduction of 'Planty Pall' with the great scene of his attempt on Lady Dumbello—Joseph turned Lothario and courting a Zuleika of ice—gives a *clou* to the whole book like his uncle's duel with Lady Lufton in *Framley Parsonage.* Miss Dunstable, albeit married, is not in the least done for; though she has pretty well swallowed up her excellent husband. The official scenes are better than ever; the boarding-house is capital; and the whole book is thoroughly readable.

Curiously enough, though as has been said there is no kind of repetition in story, and very little of character, between the two books, it is again with the hero, or heroes, and the heroine of *Can You Forgive Her?* that most fault can be found. Here the last named must come first, not merely on the principle of

place aux dames, or of the title, but because of the high estimation in which the author held her. Indeed he tried to dramatize her as 'The Noble Jilt'. Jilt she is no doubt; but where the nobility of Alice Vavasour comes in, on any score but that of long descent on both sides, it is extremely difficult to say. She has broken her engagement—he makes her deny 'engagement', but himself speaks of it as a 'broken-off match'—to her cousin (of whom more presently), as we are told, on moral grounds. She has entered on another engagement—in a 'sort of kind of as it were' way—with another lover of whom also more presently. But she goes with the rejected suitor alone (save for his sister who is avowedly trying to get her back for him) on a continental tour, submits to a *redintegratio amoris*, and throws over No. 2. The cousin then proceeds to behave abominably badly—bullying her not in the moral way this time but by requisitioning and spending her money, &c., and after a time she jilts him for the second time, and finally, after vicissitudes, reaccepts and marries No. 2. Now no one experienced in novelry—or in life—will pronounce this offhand to be impossible or even certainly disgusting. But in order that we may 'forgive her' she must be a creature of impulse, hot-blooded, imaginative, &c. Alice Vavasour is the reverse of all this. She is a politician, a Suffragette before Suffragettism, given to much deliberation before acting. In such a person the act of going on what is certain to be a sort of ante-nuptial honeymoon with a rejected lover who still retains the privilege of cousinhood is rather less excusable than some positive misconduct which is due to passion. In fact Alice, though never exactly 'naughty' in one sense of that word, is never once anything like 'nice'. Again Trollope has made the once and again successful cousin, George Vavasour, far too much of an unmitigated ruffian; and the temporarily unsuccessful one, John Grey, far too much of an unmitigated prig. And one sometimes wonders whether even robbing your intended bride of funds is, except in law, much worse than, when you are rejected, clandestinely providing the said funds out of your own pocket. A gentleman no doubt would not do the first; but would he do the

second? In his code a liberty is worse than a crime, and an obligation which, being secret, cannot be repudiated, is the worst of liberties. However, once more the 'condolences and vails' are ample. Indeed, I have known more than one very good judge who thought *Can You Forgive Her?* for range and variety of interest the best of all Trollope's books; and from the same point of view I should put it only below, and not very far below, *The Last Chronicle.* All the usual minor parts are good; Mr. Palliser, his wife Lady Glencora, and her lover Burgo Fitzgerald, are very nearly first rate; the hinge-on, to this and to George Vavasour's doings, of some of the best of Trollope's hunting scenes is excellently craftsmanlike; the farce-episodes of Kate Vavasour's widowed aunt and her lovers, though a little overdone, are laughable enough; and Kate herself is a good part rather wasted. Though she ought not to have backed her brother quite as she did, she gets well punished for it, and is a much nicer girl than Alice. Also there are still other details unnoticed. It deserves the old praise of being 'an *abounding* book'.

But more, far more, abounding still is *The Last Chronicle of Barset,* while any objections to which it may be subject are of very much less importance than those which have been allowed against *The Small House* and *Can You Forgive Her?* In fact the objections can be got over very rapidly indeed. Henry Grantly, who is in a manner the hero, is a rather ungracious son, though a good lover, for which latter characteristic, in spite of his ungraciousness, one does not grudge him his good end. Lily Dale in her reappearances is distinctly ungracious too; and though Johnny Eames no doubt did not experience 'a set grey life and apathetic end' because of her fractiousness, he wanted her and should have got her. That is about all —and perhaps some judgements worth attention would even say it is too much—to debit. It has been already admitted that severely technical criticism may rank the book as inferior to *Barchester Towers* in simplicity and economy, not excluding sufficiency, of plot-interest. But this *is* technical and almost, in the unfavourable sense, 'academic'. It leaves innumerable good things to say of the book, which indeed I

myself should put in a small class of selected novels just short of the greatest, and by novelists themselves possessing qualities just short of the greatest likewise. The main thread of interest—the question of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Crawley—is kept well twisted throughout. Just at the end a persistent Devil's Advocate may say that the victim of Mrs. Arabin's intolerable folly (she had been a fool from the very first, except when she boxed Mr. Slope's ears) and of her husband's slack forgetfulness (he always was a 'slacker' despite the flourish of trumpets with which he was introduced) is allowed a little too much credit for heroic conduct in refusing to question the Dean's statement. At any rate we have been earlier, and more than once, told that he himself did *not* know exactly where he got the cheque. But this is the merest knot in a reed. The character itself, though by no means an attractive one, is quite natural and very original; while Mrs. Crawley is one of the *not* offensive angels of fiction. Of the contrasted second plot (or main second plot, for there is more than one) the Dobbs-Broughton household and the 'Bayswater Romance', one may say that as a contrast, it could hardly be bettered. The intrinsic as distinguished from the relative and necessitated interest of the Jael picture-business may not be great; but Madalina Demolines, and her machinations and her flirtations, and the rendering of her generally, approach the first-rate in their own kind. The final defeat and death of Mrs. Proudie would save any book; and if it really happened to be brought about as Trollope says, I think the Committee of the Athenaeum should mark the floor of the room with a bronze tablet—only there are so many other spots in that building which would call for similar identification! All the scenes and episodes of Mr. Crawley's purgatory are famously done; the Toogood passages are among the most life-like of his intimately *felt* sketches of middle-class society that is 'not *quite*'—a famous phrase in the history of that society which he himself has stereotyped here. Mr. Crosbie is had up for judgement twice over—in purse and in person—very satisfactorily; and the various episodic details, if not arranged with absolutely Aristotelian propriety, are never merely dragged in or tacked

on. For the present writer's part he takes hardly more pleasure in anything than in the final scenes of the presentation of Archdeacon Grantly. It is true, and it adds to the pleasure of the thing, that Trollope hardly to the last gets over his habit of apologizing for the Archdeacon, when no apology whatever is necessary. But whether he meant to do so or not he shows us more and more how superfluous his apologies were; and nearly the last scene of all, where the Archdeacon 'hits on both wings' that very shy and woodcock-like Crawley-bird—with his great speech on the equality of gentlemen and his father's annotated sermo s—is something thoroughly enjoyable and thoroughly craftsmanlike. There are, of course, characters in fiction that one adores, or at least loves, and others (it is an equal compliment to their authors) that one hates. There are yet others that one admires, laughs at, would like to quarrel with, and in a dozen other ways recognizes as rightly created under the conditions of novel creation. But there are few *men* in fiction I *like* better, and should more like to have known, than Archdeacon Grantly.

I am, of course, aware (there has indeed been a previous reference) that there have been and are critic-novelists—as well as novelists who were not critics and critics who are not novelists—all of whom, if they do not absolutely reject this criterion of the production of personages capable of being loved, hated, admired, despised—'lived with' in short—think little of it. And I am further aware that some of the dischargers of the double function have proved their sincerity and thoroughness by never producing a creature, alive and to be lived with, at all. But I am pleading for Trollope only before courts of which I recognize the jurisdiction. Before these courts I have no doubt of his case. I do not think that he will, by the best judges, ever be thought worthy of the very highest place among novelists or among English novelists. He has something no doubt of the '*for* all time', but he is not exactly '*of* all time'. Or, to put the calculus the other way, he is by no means only '*for* an age'; but he is to a certain lowering though not disqualifying degree '*of* an age'. If you compare him with the really great novelists of his own century, all of

whom were in actual drawing of breath his contemporaries, he cannot vie with Miss Austen in that quietly intense humanity which contends with and transcends a rather narrow scheme of manners and social habits; or with Scott in largeness of distinctly romantic conception. In absolute universality of '*this*-worldliness' Thackeray towers above him; as in a certain fantastic command of not impossible *other*-worldliness does Dickens. But short of these four I do not know any nineteenth-century English novelist whose superiority to him in some ways—Kingsley's in romance; Charles Reade's in a certain strange infusion of positive genius; George Eliot's in appeal to the *intelligentsia*—is not compensated by their inferiority in turning out personages and fitting them with incidents of the kind indicated in the foregoing survey—the personages and incidents, that is to say, of actual contemporary life, touched, if not to supreme, at any rate to more than competent freedom from commonplaceness of the disqualifying kind in one way and from mere eccentricity in another.

There is, of course, one thing left for 'the other fellow' to say. 'Yes; I dare say you see this lifelikeness in Trollope. You "were there", and you recognize it. We were not there and we don't.' But this plausible and now very common argument is an utter and a very serious fallacy. I was not 'there' (except in my very earliest years, 'mewling and puking in my nurse's arms') with any of the great novel-writers in and of the first half of the nineteenth century; or at all with those of the eighteenth. I have never been familiar with the inside of French society even during the time when I was competent to be so. But I find no difficulty in being at home not merely with the scenes and characters of the greatest French and English novelists of past and present times but with those of the second and, as far as they preserve any value at all, those of lower rank. I have not such a good conceit of myself as to suppose that this is due to any personal cleverness. Those of us who were born about the middle of the nineteenth century were undoubtedly fortunate in our generation. There were so many men of nearly or quite the first order in various kinds of letters that there was no danger of narrow school

partisanship; and their merit was so decided that we had no need to run down earlier generations, schools, and periods, to put them up. They put *us* so high themselves that we had a Pisgah sight of the past in the present, and could compare it with our own surroundings. Moreover, the classical education, which we had practically all enjoyed, had acquainted us so early with non-existent states of thought, manners, beliefs, circumstances, styles, that nothing startled or puzzled us merely because it was not of to-day in time and of our own *milieu* in condition. I saw the other day some one's congratulations—apparently not in the least ironical—addressed to a young writer of the moment because having been brought up on certain slightly older writers of the moment he could yet appreciate Miss Austen. Can one imagine a novice, similarly situated fifty years ago, and being, except in joke, congratulated because having been brought up on Thackeray and Dickens he could still appreciate Fielding?

This may seem a digression rather than a conclusion, but to show that it is not merely the former let me end by commending Trollope, as a first step backwards, to any one who has the praiseworthy desire to free himself from the most degrading of intellectual slaveries—that of the exclusive Present.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ON PLAYING THE SEDULOUS APE

It is a well-known fact that the ingenious schoolboy can get any sum right if he knows the answer beforehand. Scholars of a larger growth display at times a similar skill in this art of retrovaticination. 'I can conceive (says Disraeli) nothing more idle or more useless than what is styled moral philosophy. We speculate upon the character of man. . . . We cannot be wrong, because we have studied the past; and we are famous for discovering the future when it has taken place.' The secret of Stevenson's prose has been discovered in this infallible way by some ingenious persons. With the unanimity that is always wonderful they have found it unoriginal, unnatural, and imitative, and they have even drawn a moral from its defects. For a high example of such criticism let us cite a former President, Mr. Saintsbury (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), who thus dismisses Stevenson: 'It is a commonplace now that only at the end of his too short life did he acquire—that he was even then but on the point of acquiring—a style perfectly natural, free, and his own.' Mr. Hartog, who, as author of *The Writing of English*, must also be quoted with respect, said much the same at a Saturday conference of the English Association, and warned us all to beware of the Stevensonian methods. How is it, we may ask, that critics, examining the prose of a varied and prolific writer, are able to say with confidence, and with frequency enough to make their views 'a commonplace', that it is not natural, that it lacks originality, that it is a mosaic, a pasticcio, that it is not his own, and so forth? Is it because the fact is so obvious, or because the acumen of the critics is so remarkable? It would be pleasant to think the latter; but a more probable explanation is to be found in that too familiar passage of *A College Magazine*, where Stevenson professes to have 'played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to

Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann'. That is, the critics, being told by the author that he imitated, have proceeded to find him imitative. In other words, knowing the answer, they have worked the sum.

Their conclusion is not fully convincing. Let us indulge, therefore, in a few reflections on the art of writing, and see if something cannot be said in defence both of Stevenson himself and of an ancient and honourable discipline, the imitation of our betters.

Consider the man. Robert Louis Stevenson was not like the painful aspirant of a local literary society, and a course of prose practice would no more have the same effect upon each than would a course of piano practice upon Paderewski and Miss Perkins of Peckham. Genius can turn all things to its own growth; talent can only reproduce on a lessened and meagre scale. Set a young man of ability to imitate the rich prosemen of the seventeenth century, and he will give you, after much labour, a few feeble copies of Browne or Burton; but set Charles Lamb to the same endeavour and he will give you *The Essays of Elia.* Stevenson had this gift of assimilation. Of course, if you are so minded, you can discover in him startling reminiscences—after the fashion of the commentator who, meeting this passage in Wordsworth,

> For who what is shall measure by what seems
> To be, or not to be,
> Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?

gravely adds a foot-note with a reference to *Hamlet*;[1] but this is rather a way of exposing yourself than of expounding an author. To read critically is, after all, to read by love as well as by logic. Logic is blind to the fine shades; it can see no difference where the inward eye of feeling can see no resemblance. The judgement that Stevenson's prose must be imitative because he imitated is altogether too simple to be true.

The word 'style', formerly so much used in talk about Stevenson, has several meanings, two of which are important

[1] See Eversley Wordsworth, vol. viii, p. 187.

for our purpose. It may mean the literary idiosyncrasy—that which makes us recognize at once a typical passage of Shakespeare or Milton, of Carlyle or Meredith; but it may also mean a certain quality of perfection almost independent of personal manner—a quality that the personal Shakespeare and Milton generally have and that the personal Carlyle and Meredith sometimes have not. The troublesome fact is that these two meanings cut across each other confusingly. The style that means perfection is only in part coincident with the style that means personality. In extremes they are antagonistic. Excess of the idiosyncrasy that we often call style is incompatible with the pure perfection that we also call style. Let us, for instance, take some lines of verse, these:

> Here are sands, ignoble things,
> Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings;

or these:

> And cast the kingdoms old
> Into another mould;

or these:

> Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses;

or these:

> Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
> And we must sleep;

or these:

> Light thickens, and the crow
> Makes wing to the rooky wood;
> Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

or these:

> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides;

or this:

> The lone and level sands stretch far away;

or this:

> Ancestral voices prophesying war.

In these lines, various as they are, we have the perfect accomplishment—the touch above accomplishment—that we call style; and though, from habit, we know their source, we cannot say that any have an unmistakable idiom that marks them as Shakespeare's or Milton's or Wordsworth's. That is, they have style in the greater, rarer sense, but not style in the lesser, commoner sense. But when we turn to passages like this:

> By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
> Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
> By the lips intertwisted and bitten
> Till the foam has a savour of blood—

or like this:

> Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats,
> Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup.
> Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
> Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
> What porridge had John Keats?

or like this:

> Steadily eyeing, before that wail
> Animal-infant, thy mind began,
> Momently nearer me: should sight fail,
> Plod in the track of the husbandman—

we know at once from the 'style' (as people say) who wrote them; but we also know that 'style', in the better sense, they have not. What they have is the excess of idiosyncrasy that is the negation of style. Style may be the man; but the greatest style is that which transcends the man.

It is hopeless now to demand any limitation of the word to one meaning; and, in fact, the limitation is unnecessary as long as we know which sense of the word we intend when we use it. Both senses will be found in these pages. We must be just as clear when we discuss the imitation of style, for there will be as many meanings of imitation as of style. Imitation of perfection is obviously different from the imitation of peculiarity. The first is unquestionably legitimate. It is impossible to ponder too deeply and to essay too often the methods by which some happy predecessor has attained

perfection. Perfection is universal, not personal. It is the property of all who can get it. The danger of imitation lies in the apeing of mere idiosyncrasy, which may be pleasing, as in *Elia*, or displeasing, as in *Euphues*; and, by the irony of things, the bad is always easier to imitate than the good. There were many people who could imitate very passably the less agreeable oddities of Henry Irving's voice and gait; there was no one who could transfigure a part like Becket with his genius. An imitation, not offered with intention as a parody or as a deliberate exercise in technique (as Millais offered his *Souvenir of Velasquez* and Max Reger his *Rhapsody in the Style of Brahms*) is a poor thing to bring to market when originals are cheap. A generation that does not read Obermann is not likely to read an imitation of Obermann; but people still read Stevenson. This alleged imitator set a whole generation talking and writing after his fashion; and to set a fashion is the prerogative of originality. Imitators are not imitated; if a man is imitated it is usually because he is inimitable.

Stevenson did himself some harm when he wrote the confessions of *A College Magazine*, but he did worse than that: he confirmed, quite unintentionally, the thoughtless or humourless reader in a belief that style is something ornamental and superadded, like the plaster vases and floral festoons on elaborate wedding cakes. Now it cannot be said too emphatically that style, in its best sense, is part of the economy of utterance, not part of its extravagance. Style is the feather in the arrow, not the feather in the hat. It is never irrelevant or removable, for it is the result of the artist's efforts to say something, not prettily, or showily, or grandly, but clearly, completely, decisively. Neither in art nor in dress does style imply adornment. A coster, proud of his bedizened bride's turn-out, once boasted that you couldn't get another half-crown's worth on her anywhere. That is what seems to pass with many people for style. It is not style; it is something horribly unlike style: it is merely stylish. Against the grandiose let us cite the author of the *Satyricon*, who, if he were Nero's Petronius, must have had unusual data for

a judgement: 'Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio, non est maculosa, nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit.'

Literature is the art of saying something; but while the reporter of facts will think only of the 'something' and the literary dandy only of the 'saying', the genuine artist conceives the 'something' as 'something said'. In his mind the 'something' and the 'saying' are not two things, but one. 'If you will endeavour (says Bagehot) to write an imitation of the thoughts of Swift in a copy of the style of Addison, you will find that not only is it hard to write Addison's style, from its intrinsic excellence, but also that the more you approach to it, the more you lose the thought of Swift.' Critics sometimes write as if they thought the mind produced a crop of abstract ideas, to which the artist leisurely added words or colours or tones. Nothing of the sort takes place—except, perhaps, in that form of pictorial art beloved by the sentimental public, namely, the painted anecdote or moral, where the point of the whole proceeding lies, not in the painting, but in the legend on the frame. The real literary artist does not conceive a bare and abstract 'something' or an empty and unbodied 'saying'. Into his mind comes the whole, 'the something as something said', or, to put it with perhaps a touch of Teutonic obscurity, 'the something conceived as saying'. His real difficulty is not to clothe the 'something' with 'saying' or to fill the 'saying' with 'something', but to transfer the whole thing from his mind to his paper.

A thing of beauty is a constant joy.

Thus wrote Keats, for the first line of *Endymion*; but it would not do; the thought on paper was not the thought that had been in the poet's mind; and he laboured over it until it took the form:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The second line is not more adorned than the first, nor does it convey any additional information; but, like the well-feathered shaft, it strikes home into the gold, when the other falters and drops half-way.

Style in any art arises from a combination of the greatest

possible effect with the least possible effort. Therefore, when prose has style we get a sense of something definitely and memorably said, not of something marred in the saying. To illustrate this let us turn, not to any 'purple patches', but to the current prose of correspondence. Thus writes Gay to Swift:

'I find you are determined not to write to me according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have writ to you before to have let you know the present state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you may think of me as to my own.'

There is no need to quote more. Prose of this sort is simply unreadable save as task work. The writer says nothing clearly; he gives us a smear of words, choosing one haphazard way of saying what might be put in a dozen other ways, most of them better. Set against it any passage from Swift himself; this, for instance, from a letter to Bolingbroke:

'Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? And is the headland sown with wheat? And what says Polybius? And how does my Lord St. John, which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.'

That is very different. Swift does not blunder into any way of delivering himself: he chooses not *a* way, but *the* way of speech, and what he says could not be put otherwise without loss.

If style, as we have said, arises from the exact and economical adjustment of means and end, of effort and effect, it may be urged, on the one hand, that Euclid offers us an excellent example of style in prose. He does. It is impossible to express more effectively such matter as Euclid has to express; and he would be delightful reading, if only he were readable. On the other hand, it may be urged that many charming, but somewhat extravagant writers disprove the claim that style is part of the economy of utterance. What about Lamb, for instance, whose delightful manner seems to arise rather from excess than from economy? Style (in the finer sense) is always precarious where a personal manner is very pronounced; but we need have no doubt about Lamb. The purpose of any utterance is, of course, a factor in its form. Lamb does not write to propagate useful knowledge about chimney-sweeps or the Society of Friends. These things were his excuse, not his thesis. He was a composer of fantasias; his genius led him towards a humorous extravagance of effect, and his art took the most economical means of obtaining it. For an example of extravagance without economy we can turn to *Euphues*, where we find, not a genuine idiosyncrasy, but the unnatural and calculated gesture that we call affectation.

Stevenson nowhere hints that he laboured to cultivate an affectation or to imitate a manner. What he really does tell us, in that much-quoted essay, is that he took immense pains with his writing in the days of youth when it is so hard to be simple, so unnatural to be natural. He felt drawn by instinct towards writing, but found by experience that 'true ease in writing comes by art, not chance'—that, in fact, one learns to write by writing; so with his note-book and pencil he set eagerly to work, describing, inventing, reproducing, using here some memorable cadence, there some happy run of phrase or movement, to set the pace for his own first stumbling progress. Surely there is no better way of learning to write well—or, for that matter, to ride well, or to paint well, or to bat well, than getting what we can out of the experience of a master (not too far beyond us) and adapting his methods to our own native activity! Stevenson, remember, was of those who

want not merely to write, but to write well. He was attracted, by instinct, not to the artisans of letters, but to the artists, to those

> Who showed, in utterance of each inward thought,
> Not how the phrase might stand, but how it ought.

That skill of happy phrase and signal word is what he coveted and laboured to obtain. But his confession of effort has been taken amiss. Perhaps we are still children in matters of art and dislike being told 'how it is done'. Samuel Butler, for instance, writes (characteristically) as if he felt a personal grievance about it, and he should be quoted if only to show how completely he destroys his own case. Butler had some affinity with Balaam: he usually ended by blessing what he set out to curse. Here is one of the Note Book entries:

'I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. Plato's having had seventy shies at one sentence is quite enough to explain to me why I dislike him. A man may, and ought to take a great deal of pains to write clearly, tersely, and euphemistically: he will write many a sentence three or four times over—to do much more than this is worse than not re-writing at all: he will be at great pains to see that he does not repeat himself, to arrange his matter in the way that shall best enable the reader to master it, to cut out superfluous words, and, even more, to eschew irrelevant matter: but in each case he will be thinking not of his own style but of his reader's convenience.

'Men like Newman and R. L. Stevenson seem to have taken pains to acquire what they called a style as a preliminary measure—as something that they had to form before their writings could be of any value. I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is a style at all, or whether it is not, as I believe and hope, just common, simple straightforwardness. I cannot conceive how any man can take thought for his style without loss to himself and his readers.'

And then he goes on to describe his efforts to eliminate certain faults of character—not because he cared about character, but because their removal made life easier; and he

concludes with the significant confession, 'But I suppose that is really attending to style after all.'

No one can fail to notice the disabling fallacy of Butler's argument—his use of the word 'style' in a sense not meant by those he condemns: neither Stevenson nor Newman 'took pains to acquire what they called a style' in Butler's sense. But perhaps the most decisive way of treating his utterance is not to discuss it, but to transpose it into other terms, as thus: 'I have a great dislike for cleanness, and I feel sure that any one who troubles about cleanness at all is a suspicious character. For my own part, I bathe every morning and evening, I wash my hands and face every few hours, and I am properly attentive to my nails and ears and teeth; but I don't care a bit about cleanness, and I am quite indifferent whether I am dirty or not.' Butler writes as if it were legitimate for an artist to adopt means, but illegitimate for him to have an end; but the man who cares about the end, cleanness, and the man who cares about the means, washing, are both, so to speak, in the same bath; and the man who cares about the end, perfection, and the man who cares about the means, labour, are both on the quest of style. Really, Butler writes as if he thought that style meant no more than using a scented soap. And he professed to admire Handel! Fortunately his practice was better than his theory, and he can be placed with those who have used plain prose almost to perfection. He asked no more of his work than 'just common, simple straightforwardness'. No more! The only fitting comment is a remark of his own in another connexion: 'Common straightforwardness and kindliness are the highest points that man or woman can reach.'

The value of prose or verse bears no relation whatever to the ease or difficulty of production. The simple fact is that some men write easily and some do not; nay, the same man will write fluently or laboriously without known cause of difference. In the mind of the artist there is laid up, as a sort of Platonic ideal, the 'something' as 'something said'; and his trouble is to get that 'something said' from his mind to his paper with the least diminution of its original bright-

ness. As Stevenson himself remarks in another essay: 'On the approach to execution all is changed. The artist must now step down, don his working clothes, and become the artisan.' For some this transformation is a matter of difficulty. Newman tells us, in a series of familiar passages that seemed to annoy Butler, what trouble he had to get his meaning fully and becomingly expressed, and how he corrected, re-corrected, cancelled, and wrote anew. Why? 'To express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings.' He adds, too, that his only pattern in style was Cicero, whose 'great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness'. Here, then, we have not merely a confession of labour, but a definite explanation of its motive. A reader who knew no more of Newman than a report of his struggles might conclude that all this writing and patching must have been for the sake of certain splendours, that prose thus produced would be mannered, stilted, and bedizened, and the writer a very Osric of his kind. Yet, as any one may see for himself, there is no suppler, more lucid, or less decorated prose than Newman's, at its best,[1] the labour upon which was no more than the cost of clearness. And let us call up yet another prophet, 'an old man covered with a mantle'. Tolstoy is now commonly regarded as a 'preacher' mindful of his 'message' and contemptuous of 'art'. Let those who think so read *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* or try to write a story like *The Two Old Men.* It is enough for us, at the moment, to catch the preacher hard at work, not upon what he had to deliver, but how he should deliver it; and that, too, in such a book as *The Kingdom of God is Within You,* easily dismissed as mere preaching and not art at all. Thus he writes:

'I never was so occupied as now. I am still at work on the 8th chapter. I sit at it for five hours at a time, and spend my whole soul on it, so that nothing remains over. . . . I think I have finished, but I only think so. Do not blame me for it,

[1] He is not always at his best. The unshapely phrases of his letters written *currente calamo*, and the occasional lapses of *Apologia* written hurriedly for periodical publication, are evidence of the labour that went into his best work.

dear friend! You know how important to us are things that seem unimportant to a spectator or reader. The reader has only to answer to himself; but I must so prepare things that they may be suitable for, and (if I have faith in myself) may act on millions of different individuals.'

And later:

'I am still writing the same thing. And hard as it is, I can't tear myself away from it. . . . I always want to say the thing more clearly and simply.'

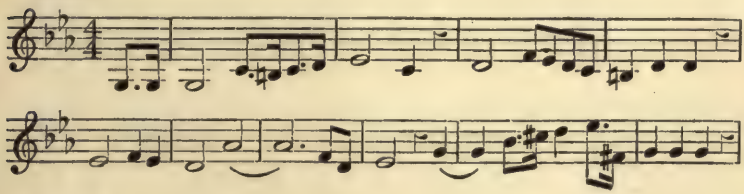
The corroboration of Stevenson by Newman is specially noteworthy. In each there is anxiety to get something said in the best possible way, and rueful confession of frequent defeat—'some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do,' says Newman; 'things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature,' says Stevenson of his efforts to catch 'the essential note and the right word'. Newman's purpose was to persuade, and his concern, therefore, was to get not merely his meaning, but every shade of his meaning down on the paper in a form that would be unquestionable. Tolstoy concurs. Stevenson, dealing with matter more delicate, must wing his slender thought with the essential note and the right word, or it would falter and miscarry. In each, too, we have the confessed and conscious adoption of models; and here the state of Newman is clearly the worse. If imitation is perilous and damnable, then grievous indeed will be the fate of the man who chooses one model rather than many, as his iniquity is the more likely to be accomplished. A man in seeking to copy many might conceivably find himself; but, by all critical hypothesis, fastening himself upon one, he becomes a mere echo and shadow.

Newman, like Tolstoy, expressly names the motive of his labour—the avoidance of difficulty and obscurity, the acquisition of all possible clearness. Stevenson, more elaborately, says that he toiled after his models in the hope of attaining to their propriety, force, and distinction of expression. Now it should be obvious that these qualities are imitable without the least danger to individuality. A clerk can imitate the legibility of another man's script without imitating his handwriting; a speaker can imitate the clearness of another man's

utterance without imitating his voice; and the grubby boy can imitate the cleanness of the model boy's face without imitating his features. Clearness in prose is a lawfully imitable quality; and so a man proposing to write philosophy could profitably study Berkeley as a lesson in lucidity and the translator of Croce as a warning against obscurity, and lose not a single inflexion of his idiom. There can be few more striking examples of forcible originality than Beethoven; yet he, too, offers us the spectacle both of imitation and laborious invention. The Mozartian character of his early work is obvious to every one. That is, he was an imitator. Moreover, he laboured at his ideas, jotting them down industriously, working them over, putting them aside sometimes for years, taking them up again with still further alteration, till he could assure that implacable taskmaster, the artist's conscience, that what he had written was just what he meant to say, said as it must be. Turn, for a simple example, to the funeral march in the Eroica symphony, and note the opening theme. In its moving nobility of pathos it appears inevitable—not a note, not a rest could be different. Here, if anywhere, we might say, is a genuine inspiration, begotten not made. Yet the theme the world knows so well was elaborated from four halting failures. The apparent inspiration was the fifth attempt to get the right thing said in the right way and that, very often, is the story of style in any art.[1]

[1] Here are the five attempts:

First—



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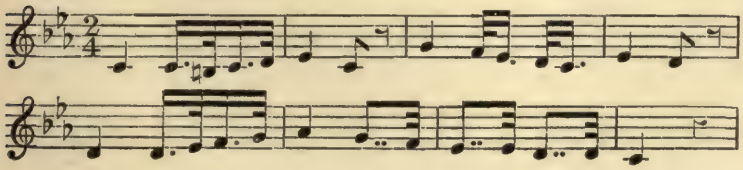
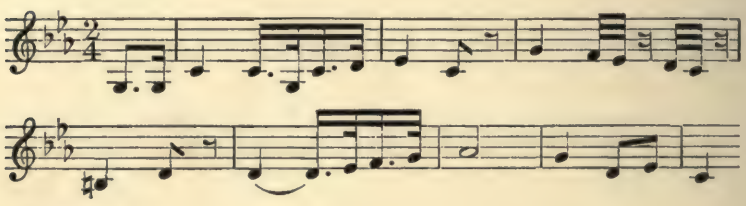


'Only at the end of his too short life did Stevenson acquire —he was even then but on the point of acquiring—a style perfectly natural, free, and his own.' Thus Mr. Saintsbury. Observe the careful phrases. Their obvious meaning is that most, if not all, of Stevenson's existing work is not natural, not Stevenson. It is difficult, by the way, to imagine what any critic can know about the style that death prevented Stevenson from acquiring. Surely we cannot accept Mr. Saintsbury's judgement as we stand before one of the large collected editions—all at a premium! The facts confute it. The man who, beyond all others of his time, fascinated readers of every age and class by the bright, alert, perhaps even excessive personality of his every page, simply cannot be dismissed as somebody who was somebody else all the time. What Mr. Saintsbury does is to

Third—



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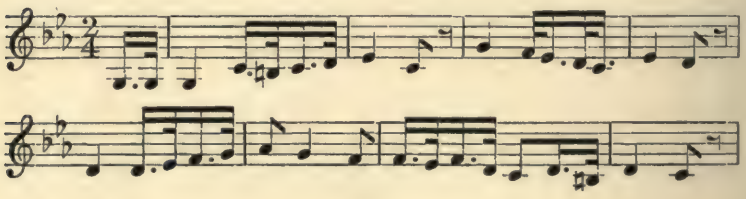

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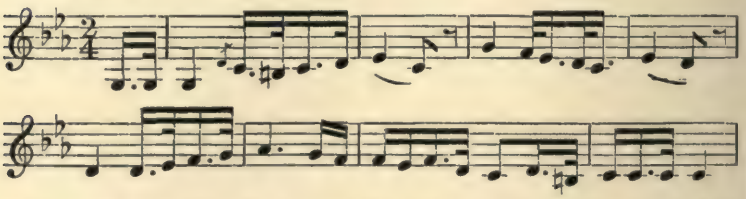

A comparison of the five versions is very instructive to the student of style.

bid us reject a natural phenomenon of personality and to accept a miracle of impersonation. But we must not believe even at Mr. Saintsbury's bidding that things are always what they do not seem. Imitation has its limits. If a man is loved it is usually because he is lovable; if he attracts it is usually because he is attractive. Almost the only qualities that cannot be sustained by imitation are humour, lovability, and the gaiety of youth; and these are the very qualities that captivated Stevenson's contemporaries. It is easier for imitation saintliness to carry a rogue into the Calendar than for imitation humour to carry a dull fellow into the hearts of his readers. 'Sedulous apery' will never make anybody lovable; and though youth may successfully imitate the sloth of age, all the experience of years cannot imitate the exuberance of youth. Moreover, to call Stevenson's prose 'not natural' is merely to lapse into one of those impressive and meaningless abstractions that are the ruin of useful discussion. For what do we mean by 'natural' and 'his own'? Something is 'his' precisely because it is not 'mine'. A natural style is a style natural to the writer, however unnatural it may be to the critic. Lamb's elaborated manner may be unnatural to a Government précis-clerk; but it was natural to Lamb. The artificial style to Lamb was what he wrote in Leadenhall Street. And Lamb, too, we are told, was an imitator—he wrote the *Essays of Elia* because he admired the seventeenth century. It is sounder criticism to say that he admired the seventeenth century because he wrote the *Essays of Elia*. This much, certainly, can be admitted of Stevenson, that his style was not natural in the sense that it was not usual. But then Stevenson himself was a very unusual person, with his velvet coat and his exorbitant locks. It is quite legitimate to dislike both an unusual personal style and an unusual literary style as too mannered and pronounced for good taste; but academic criticism of Stevenson does not take this line. What it charges against him is not excessive personality but excessive impersonation; and when its view is favourable (as in general it is) it says, in effect, 'We like Stevenson on account of the charming personality

that was not natural to him and the delightful style that he never quite acquired.'

Coming after a defence of Stevenson's alleged imitation, a suggestion that perhaps he imitated very little may seem contradictory. Still, we may be allowed to wonder how far his list of models is to be taken seriously. Literary confession is not made upon oath, and, in fact, published autobiographies of many kinds have been known to dwell upon what looks effective in print. Did Stevenson really devote much effort to imitation of Baudelaire, and Obermann—and *Sordello*? Are any traces of them apparent? Such amiable exaggerations as the essay may contain, however, would be quite negligible if they had not been made, by undue comment, to overshadow the central confession of all, namely, that Stevenson felt himself born to write. Those who scan the list of cited models with gravity usually overlook that. They talk as if people, ordinary people, really do 'vow that they will learn to write, and practise to acquire that proficiency, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with themselves'—as though people, ordinary people, really do keep 'two books in their pockets, one to read, one to write in', consciously living with words, for the sake of practice. If we found a child displaying an inordinate pleasure in the drudgery of scales and technical studies, we should reasonably conclude that the child was naturally musical; and surely, then, if we find a youth joyously neglecting his work to practise the technique of composition, we may reasonably conclude that he is a born writer. But so seriously do people take the *College Magazine* confessions that, if they are tutors of becoming gravity, they warn their students against the danger to individuality incurred by such practices, and crown their discourse by citing Stevenson as an example. Their alarm is groundless. We are in no danger of seeing armies of Stevensons issue from the portals of our educational establishments. And perhaps it is permissible to ask, if professors really think that imitation can create a Stevenson, why they do not encourage such charming creations. In most of us the enjoyment of art is passive, in a few active. The person whose appreciation

of the beauties and subtleties of various prose is so keen that he must at once try to reproduce them in himself, will be one born with such an impulse towards writing that no imitation can harm him. On the other hand, imitation will scarcely injure the personality of those who have no personality to injure.

Something, however, the ordinary man can lose, or fail to acquire, in a course of imitation, and in this lies the danger. We are not all likely to become authors, but most of us are required to make statements in writing. Now the virtue of all virtues in a statement is lucidity, and that is the quality most likely to suffer from conscious attempts to be literary. Here, for instance, is an example of 'literary' musical criticism, taken from the *Daily Telegraph* of February 9:

'The years are really few . . . since a young native of Brighton was brought to London to be tested, as it were, as to her fitness or otherwise for a professional career as violinist. The violinist was Miss ——, the tester the present writer. Plainly the fiat went forth that Miss —— was one of the chosen, for almost from that day to now, she has proceeded from great things even to greater, and when, after an absence in America and Canada lasting some four years, she reappeared here at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday afternoon, and a very large audience welcomed her with that warmth which is reserved almost invariably for the truly elect, the writer naturally plumed himself and preened his feathers. For here, undeniably, was a ripe artist. . . . Quite beautiful is her warm tone, lovely its accuracy of intonation; fine was the vigour of the Wieniawski, and of Bach in a Prelude—superbly fine this, neat beyond words the phrasing and the delicacy and restraint of the playing of Tod Boyd's Samson Lullaby (which we feel sure is destined to become almost a nuisance to us, so popular is it likely to be), and high the polish of the encore piece played after the Francoeur pieces. In a word, Miss ——, as solo violinist, is a Kreisler in petto. . . . To hear a player who is herself filled with the joy of playing is rare—all the more, then, is it also a joy.'

'In a word' is good. If we were indiscreet we might inquire precisely what meaning the writer of the article and the victim of his praise respectively attached to the words 'a Kreisler in petto'. The right meaning is meaningless;

the wrong meaning (apparently intended) is almost libellous. But, really, the inflation of a simple statement is so heroic, that we can cheerfully hope it was a matter of what is called 'lineage' to the writer.

That is what happens when the unwary Englishman tries to illumine a statement with 'literature'. What happens to the Hindu may be read in the delightful pages of Mr. Anstey. When you are born with the instincts of a Stevenson you are not likely to imitate the wrong things; but when your natural impulse is towards not-writing, you may be an unsafe person to be loosed upon the niceties of prose. You may take as essentials what are accidents; you may feather your shaft so gorgeously that it will refuse to fly. That is bad; but even worse than any conscious imitation of the best models is unconscious imitation of the worst. Half, nay, nearly all our life is a web of imitation shot here and there with lines of originality. Our writing, like our opinions and our conversation, is little more than an echo from our surroundings. The clerk is content to reproduce the jargon of the office without any clear notion of what his 'as regards' or 'with reference to' may mean, and people whose literacy is supposed to exceed the clerk's go on quoting 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance' without discernible understanding. It is the blunted sense of words, the mere mechanical repetition of phrases imperfectly apprehended, that is the bane and danger of modern writing—not, of course, the writing of the careful man of letters, but the writing of the Press, the school, the mart, and the home. If we are not a literate nation, we have ostensibly ceased to be illiterate; and now that everybody writes, everybody tends to write like everybody else, that is, in the lowest common terms of prose. Here, then, conscious imitation of great models, or at least the quickened sense of word and phrase that comes from conscious imitation, may be valuable in ways unthought of. Depend upon it, the nation that is muddled in its prose will be muddled in its thought. The people who cannot say what they mean are usually those who are never sure what they mean to say. And so, since

we are bound to imitate, we may as well imitate with our eyes open. Thus writes Pater:

'In style, as in other things, it is well always to aim at the combination of as many excellences as possible—opposite excellences, it may be—those other *beauties* of prose. A busy age will hardly educate its writers in correctness. Let its writers make time to write English more as a learned language; and completing that correction of style which had only gone a certain way in the last century, raise the general level of language towards their own.'

The precept is well-meant. Whatever defects may be charged against the old style of classical education, it had this great merit, that it forced the capable pupils upon a choice of words that would scan and parse, sentences that would construe, and statements that appeared to have a meaning. Unfortunately, with this sense of form in Greek and Latin there was allowed to grow up a belief that English was no language for a gentleman, and that therefore no attention need be paid to it. This doctrine, that everybody will get English without effort as a by-product of other studies, is fatal to the generality. In a few individuals with a gift for language the transfer may take place; in the many it simply doesn't; and the result of universal neglect is that we, as a nation, with a language of almost unexampled richness, are scarcely able to write. It is easy enough to write English badly; it is difficult to write English really well. It is easy for every one to acquire the slovenly shapeless verbosity that satisfies most people; it is difficult for any one to acquire the lucid simplicity that is a delight as well as a positive economy in the intercourse of social and commercial life. Here, for instance, is a passage from a circular sent out recently by some one who would certainly call himself an educated Englishman:

'It was strongly felt that the Hospitals were in sore need; that their close connection with and usefulness to the schools made this appeal to the gratitude and sympathy of present and former scholars and their parents more than usually appropriate both in its objects and in training children in service and sacrifice especially of certain pleasures and the

fact that no percentage of the amount collected is lost to the cause in expense of collection or creation of additional paid administration. . . . The additional ways and means are generally well-known and obviously based on the perhaps notorious greater willingness to give when something more concrete than or in addition to the pure pleasure of giving or of service, is obtained, some amusement, something useful, beautiful, or permanent, appeal to competition, rivalry, chance, vanity, desire for a bargain.'

You will notice that this is not illiterate prose. In structure it is meant to be elaborately exact, and almost pedantically formal; but because it neglects the practical and artistic principle of economy, it defeats its own end and is left unread. For the ordinary purposes of life we write English much worse than the French people write French, simply because we do not give English the respect that the French accord to French. This casual indifference is actually encouraged by some persons who claim to be specially artistic. The present tendency is not in the direction of respect for anything requiring effort, and so it has become a definitely stated doctrine that the uncultivated taste in literature is something exquisite and unspoiled, and that because *Lycidas* and *Urn-Burial* are beyond the blooming simplicity of a Barclay & Perkins's drayman, *Lycidas* and *Urn-Burial* are therefore beneath contempt. The age that produces Dadaist verse is not likely to bestow much labour upon prose. But the age must beware. It is a paradox of life and art that only the regular can afford to be irregular; the irregular must observe the rules. George Eliot's irregular union was stricter than most marriages; so was Mr. Alfred Doolittle's. A sonnet may break the law, but not a sentence. You may have free verse, and perhaps free love, but you cannot have free prose.

If there is anything in literature as wonderful as English poetry it is English prose. Like the twin pillars of a mighty temple stand those two great books, the Bible of 1611, the Shakespeare of 1623, and no other country can show their equal. Neither our reading nor our writing must be of the kind that makes us degenerate guardian of a great inheritance, like the barbarians who burnt the marbles of the Parthenon

to lime their huts. We must keep our prose conscience active. Here, surely, the influence of such a man as Stevenson is wholesome and practical, and it should be welcomed, not disparaged. Some skilled writers of prose lack persuasiveness and popularity; many popular authors write slovenly prose. Stevenson is both exquisite and popular, with a public that ranges from the elementary schoolboy to the grave and fastidious scholar. If his example can set a nation of readers playing the sedulous ape to the finer masters of prose, why, then, rejoice therefore!—he will have done more than many professors. No one can imitate what he does not read; and to read for imitation is to read with quickened eye and ear. Let us beware, then, how we depreciate Stevenson's most valuable legacy, the sense of style that he cultivated so assiduously in himself and inculcated so persuasively upon his readers. Above all, let us beware of exalting slipshod negligence and disparaging patient effort. To be humble as well as courageous, to scan our faults and failures and strive hopefully for the excellence of our betters is good religion and sound art.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

CONRAD

WITHIN the last few years 'Joseph Conrad', by birth an alien, has secured a place for himself among English novelists that bids fair to be one of the highest. This is, in every way, a noteworthy achievement. He has protested, it is true, with half-resentful humour,[1] against too much being made of his mastery over a language not his own, not even the speech of his childhood, and, doubtless, if language for a writer were merely an external accomplishment, like trick-riding in 'the circus-world', to dwell on it would be both irritating and irrelevant. But Conrad himself would be the last to look on language this way; indeed he has gone further than an outsider might venture to go in speaking of the effect the English tongue has had on his own inner growth. He will not admit that he adopted the language; rather it adopted him, 'made me its own,' so that 'its very idioms, I truly believe, had a direct action on my temperament and fashioned my still plastic character'. He did not, he insists, choose deliberately between English and French, though French was familiar to him 'from infancy'; his recognition of English as the true medium for his imagination was something far beyond deliberate choice. He compares it, with startling, but quite characteristic, intensity, to love at first sight, only a love 'free from that shadow of dreadful doubt that falls on the very flame of our perishable passions. One knew very well that this was for ever.' It is astonishing enough, but to us also fully believable. For nothing in Conrad is more significant than his insight into natures so wide apart as the typical Englishman and the typical Slav. And though here again we must remember his own warning against confusing the Russian and the Pole, or in any case over-estimating 'racial

[1] In *A Personal Record*, Author's Note, *init.*

and historical influences', it would be foolish to minimize the treasures he has gained from his Polish ancestry on the one hand and his training all over the world among English seamen on the other. He has had opportunities wider than most men, and the width of nature to use them.

It is scarcely fanciful to suggest that he has even turned to good account the very fact that the language was not familiar to him from birth. A native author, burning with emotions, if he uses a language so much written and spoken already as English, is constantly tempted to write oddly, avoiding the hackneyed even at the cost of experiments that strain the language instead of developing it. Carlyle did this: so did Browning and Meredith: so did James in his later novels: Hardy, in his poems, does it now. And none of them from affectation. The reason lies deeper: it is the essence of art to create, and the artist in words must of necessity try new and ever-new combinations. If he simply repeats himself or others, he is lost. Conrad, coming fresh to the language, can trust the native character of it with far less disturbance from memories of how it has been defaced by soulless repetitions. At any rate, whatever the reason, he seems so to trust it, and however complicated his themes, however curious his method of approach, however subtle his indications, however charged with imagery his eloquence, his language is always direct, natural, clear. (The slight slips that can be detected in his earlier work do not affect the essential truth of this: they are only amusing as showing the difference between schoolmaster's accuracy and the grasp of genius.)

Conrad's love for England goes back far. The son of a Polish family where high patriotism was traditional and a public career considered his obvious duty, born and brought up in a country where no man followed the sea, he was possessed from boyhood with the passion to become a seaman, and 'if a seaman, then an English seaman'. He could not explain this longing and neither can we, but as we consider the rich harvest of his writings we seem to discern the instinct of genius seeking its proper food.

He has not told us how he first conceived this love of

England, but he speaks of his childhood's delight in Dickens, whom he read first in a translation, along with Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Shakespeare. 'It is extraordinary how well Mrs. Nickleby could chatter disconnectedly in Polish.' And for *Bleak House* an 'intense and unreasoning affection' has lasted all his life. It is scarcely surprising, after this, that we can trace in the very different texture of his own work, woven thick with terror, tragedy, wild and lonely adventure, threads that recall the kindly humour of the English writer, especially perhaps the amused delight in the foibles of men essentially good. There is certainly a Dickens-like quality in the delightful little picture of a middle-aged English tourist, father of a family, tramping the Swiss mountains with a resolute enthusiasm, ludicrous and lovable—'my unforgettable Englishman' as Conrad calls him—the mere sight of whom fortified him to defy his cautious counsellors and follow his own star when, a lad of fifteen, his fate hanging in the balance, he sat by the roadside in an Alpine pass and all but gave way in the depths of his discouragement to the earnest, excellent arguments of his good tutor against his crazy idea of the sea. It is all comically 'mid-Victorian', as we should say now, the picture of 'the small caravan', the surly guide, the baggage-mules, the two placid daughters riding by, 'their calm uniform backs, the long ends of blue veils hanging behind far down over their identical hat-brims'. But at the head strode the old inspiring enthusiast in a knickerbocker suit with short socks that showed his twinkling calves, a get-up 'at least imaginative'. And, through the grotesque and the respectable, there comes a flash. Conrad looked at the man, and the man at him:

'The light of a headlong, exalted satisfaction with the world of men and the scenery of mountains illumined his clean-cut, very red face, his short silver-white whiskers, his innocently eager and triumphant eyes. In passing he cast a glance of kindly curiosity and a friendly gleam of big sound shiny teeth towards the man and the boy sitting like dusty tramps by the roadside. . . . Was he, in the majestic ordering of common events, the ambassador of my future, sent out to turn the scale at a critical moment on the top of

an Alpine pass, with the peaks of the Bernese Oberland for mute and solemn witnesses? His glance, his smile, the unextinguishable and comic ardour of his striving-forward appearance helped me to pull myself together. . . . The enthusiastic old Englishman had passed and the argument went on. . . . But I felt no longer crushed.'

The tutor, he lets us know, was quick to see that the boy's resolve was now taken. It was his turn to give way, and he did so once and for all. 'You are an incorrigible, hopeless Don Quixote, that's what you are!'

The boy of fifteen scarcely knew what to make of his tutor's cry. But we do. A Don Quixote, wedded to gallant adventures in savage lands, but a Don who could detect also the fire of generous resolution under the mask of the commonplace and the comic, and thrill in answer to it—the description would suit Conrad very well. It has been suggested[1] that Dickens himself was influenced by Cervantes and the immortal knight when he drew his own quaint great-hearted Pickwick. 'I never heerd, mind you,' says the Sancho-like Sam Weller, 'nor read of in story-books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters, . . . but . . . he's a reg'lar thorough-bred angel for all that.' And quite certainly there are no heroes in whom Conrad more exults than those upright clumsy captains of the sea, whose splendour shines across their laughable limitations. It is so in book after book. We remember with love and laughter the dull-looking captain in *The Shadow Line* who helps the young hero of the story to the command which is to make a man of him; the grumpy mate who drags himself on deck when down with fever, shivering under his woolly coat like a sick bear, to hearten his young commander at the critical moment; even the pompous old Captain Mitchell in *Nostromo*, the 'Fussy Joe' who has the absurd and delicate courtesy, when he saves Ribiera from the fury of the mob, punctiliously to address the ex-Dictator to the last as 'Your Excellency'. 'Sir, I could do no other. The man was down—ghastly, livid, one mass of scratches.'

These lesser men are brothers of Captain Anthony in *Chance*,

[1] By Lionel Jacob in a lecture on 'Pickwick and Don Quixote' printed in the *Working Men's College Journal* (May 1916).

'the Knight', as Conrad actually calls him, who saves the lonely damsel from the persecutions and meannesses of the land and wins her on the great seas; or of Captain MacWhirr, the hero of *Typhoon*, one of Conrad's masterpieces, a man unimaginative to the last degree, 'stupid' even, if you will, to whom conversation is a mystery and sentiment about a ship's flag simply unintelligible, but a man dowered with a force of character, a shrewdness, devotion, and chivalry that make him able not only to carry his steamboat through the fury of the hurricane but to dominate his men for their good, save the lives of the terrified Chinese coolies in the hold who are maddened by panic and fighting like wild beasts, better still, stiffen by his own strength the nerve of his 'clever' mate Jukes, a man capable, for all the good in him, of collapsing under the strain that MacWhirr can endure in silence. 'I wouldn't like to lose her'; that is all the Captain says of his steamer in a pause of the dreaded tornado:

> 'The hurricane, with its power to madden the seas, to sink ships, to uproot trees, to overturn strong walls and dash the very birds of the air to the ground, had found this taciturn man in its path, and, doing its utmost, had managed to wring out a few words.'

This note of man's struggle with terrific powers is never absent from Conrad's feeling for nature. That feeling is profound, intimate, absorbing, but it is seldom serene. The sense of conflict must have been strong in him from the first, but the austere discipline of the sea has obviously heightened it. And it gives a peculiar awe to his vivid presentment of the pageants in ocean and earth and sky. They are things to be met and faced, fought with, if need be, not merely admired or adored. 'Love thou the Gods, and defy them.' The motto might be Conrad's for the sea and the men who go down to the sea in ships. Or he might echo Euripides' verse:

> 'All stains of man the sea can wash away.'

But he would add that it can only do so at a price: the price that men pay themselves.

The incessant calls on mind and muscle in the sailor's life, the need to stand braced and alert at any moment, are always

kept before us by Conrad, and they are reflected in the restraint that he has put on his style, greatly to its advantage. Conceivably, so crowding and overwhelming are his impressions, his writing might have become overloaded and turgid: as it is, there are few who can write as he does at his best. Self-control over volcanic fire, that is the ideal drawing him forward in art and in life. It is a self-control gained by the conflict with forces of destruction, gained hardly, as the seaman's voyage is accomplished, at the risk of a man's life. The one salvation is to go on, drawing strength from the very thing that would slay the fighter, making the abyss bear up the swimmer, 'in the destructive element immerse', as the wise old German says in *Lord Jim*, when brooding over the case of the vain romantic lad who had lost his honour once and is struggling somehow to get his head above the waves of public disgrace and bitter self-contempt.

Conrad, for all his worship and understanding of self-mastery, perhaps just because of it, has a pity so deep that it becomes sympathy for those who have failed, especially if they are natures sensitive, impressionable, quick to feel the sting of shame. *Lord Jim*, perhaps the best-known of his books, turns wholly on this theme. It is a curiously built book. The story is told, as the manner of Conrad is, from several angles, by different speakers, at different points of time, sometimes in the ordinary way by the writer, sometimes by Jim himself in his egotistic need of confession, sometimes by his devoted Malay servant and follower, sometimes, and most of all, by 'Marlow', the man of swift insight and queer half-cynical compassion whom Conrad uses as an outlet for his own exasperated pities and indignations.

This method of approach makes the book (and many books of Conrad) not at all easy to follow, but it has the very great advantage of giving, on a second or third reading, an extraordinary effect of solidity. Once we have mastered the general situation, we feel, at each vital deed or saying, Past and Future meeting in the Present. Even on a first reading our bewilderment has compensations: so arresting are Conrad's scenes that we have, as it were, the thrill of finding ourselves suddenly face

to face with real characters whom as yet we do not, cannot, understand, but whom we may come to understand. And in the end we understand Jim quite enough to give him our tears, if not our love. Conrad has hinted, a little wistfully, that his ideal of restraint in literature may have checked his power to wield 'the magic wand' giving command over laughter and tears. But assuredly those who are moved to tears at all by literature, will find them in the story of this boy and man, with an accursed strain of weakness in him, dreaming of heroic deeds, failing horribly when first put to the test, fighting all his life the consequences, and somehow winning through in the end to a victory in defeat. The son of a good old English parson, he has taken service as chief mate, not knowing the ship, on an unseaworthy craft, crammed by her unscrupulous owners with eight hundred pilgrims for Mecca. In the dark, unknown to the passengers, she springs a leak. She seems doomed. Jim's rascally captain determines to abandon the ship. His engineers join him with stealthy, stifled quarrels. Jim, already aghast at the crisis—'eight hundred people and seven boats, and no time'—comes on the plotters preparing to cut loose. He asks the captain, '"Aren't you going to do something?" "Yes, clear out," he snarled over his shoulder.' The apparent hopelessness of the situation, the strain of the need for immediate action, the menacing horror, the horrible contagion of cowardice—everything helps to unnerve the lad, touching the unsound spot hidden in him, perhaps hidden in us all. When the deserters' boat is fairly in the water, he jumps into it, deserting the ship with them, linking himself to men he loathes. What Conrad makes us understand is how, detesting the deed, he could do it; makes us understand so well that we can understand Captain Brierly, judge in the trial, a man of unblemished honour, who had listened to the sordid tale with an impassive countenance, drowning himself barely a week after the hearing is over. Marlow had watched him. He, who seemed to have nothing but contemptuous pity for the young man under examination, must have been 'holding silent inquiry into his own case'.

After the tense excitement of the opening, the book may, on

a first reading, appear to drag. But this passes when we realize what Conrad is doing, showing us the long dead-lift effort of the young man through the desolate waste of his life to get one more chance. He does not sentimentalize the character. Conrad never sentimentalizes. Indeed, in his determination to shirk nothing in the elusive nature he has set out to draw, he goes near making us lose patience with the lad whose vanity is always desecrating his remorse. Half of his agony, we are tempted to say at first, comes from regretting the chance he has missed to play a famous part and be known throughout the world of seamen as one who had stuck by the abandoned ship and brought her in safe. For after all the bulkheads of the boat held out, and somehow she got to port. But we never do lose patience: on the contrary, more and more we are drawn to Jim as we watch him threading his way through the shifty mazes of his own temperament, determined still to 'follow the dream, and again to follow the dream—and so—*ewig—usque ad finem*', in the words of the profound old Stein. Stein and Marlow get him his chance at last, away in the wilderness, right away from that world of white men where he can never rest enough to work steadily, his miserable story too well known. In the remote Malay world of Patusan, the great qualities that he does possess win him confidence, honour, friendship, love. He, who had never used his father's name since his disgrace, is crowned there in his own: 'Tuan Jim, as who should say Lord Jim.' He is the virtual ruler of the land, bringing peace and order through his daring, his resolution, his justice. Marlow, who meets him after a lapse of years, finds him a man 'satisfied—nearly'. Only nearly: he can never forget, and he can never return to his own world, to face the men of his home with this unforgotten knowledge in his heart. But his Malay people rest on him and, though they cannot understand him, they trust him. In that confidence he lives, and very subtly Conrad shows us how, through it, his strength outgrows his vanity. Dain Waris, the son of their great chief Doramin, is to him almost as a brother; and a love, true and ardent, binds him to the fearless, passionate girl, child of an English mother and a Malay father, whom he calls Jewel.

So it remains until his Past meets him once more in the hateful figure of 'Gentleman Brown', the keen-sighted unscrupulous pirate who comes up the creek to plunder and destroy. The Malays are for fighting, and they have the handful of buccaneers at their mercy, but Brown, with uncanny quickness, guesses at some mystery in Jim's life, plays on his possible sympathy for a white man, outcast and pleading for one more chance. Jim, incurably 'romantic', persuades the people to let Brown go, promising that all their lives will be safe. The man, incapable of gratitude, burning for revenge on everything and every one that baulks him, discovers through the help of a traitor that Dain Waris is posted at the mouth of the creek to watch him go. By a secret backwater he creeps on Dain in the morning mist, kills him, and escapes. It is the end of everything for Jim. The blow has killed not his bosom friend only, but all the Malay confidence in the white man whom they had honoured but never understood. A few only, his personal followers, cling to him. Once more men who had trusted him with their lives hold that he has played them false. His one refuge on earth has gone. This time he does not flinch. He will go straight, unarmed, to Doramin, and let him do with him what he chooses. If there is egotism in the doing of the deed, there is as much and more nobility. He puts aside the maddened love of the girl, frozen into unforgivingness by what she thinks his desertion, and goes to his death, utterly alone, outcast to the end, 'forgotten, unforgiven'. Yet as he falls at the hand of his friend's father, facing the ring of alien men whose love and confidence had turned to hate, it may be, so Marlow ends, that 'in the short moment of his last proud and unflinching glance, he had beheld the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side'.

Even more heart-rending, more terrible in its tracking-out of the treachery in a human heart, and no mean one, is the book *Under Western Eyes*, a work that might have been written by Turgenev. And to say that is to give a guarantee for delicate perfection of structure as well as for the penetrating sympathy that will tolerate no disguise. That surgeon-like

understanding of the case illumines not only Razumov, the central figure, but the whole Russian people—their weaknesses, 'a sort of terrible childishness' in their revolutions, 'with their passionate levity of action and their shifting impulses', the 'dream-intoxication of the idealist incapable of perceiving the reason of things and the true character of men', or the savage ruthlessness of reactionaries demanding 'a will strong and one', 'not the babble of many voices, but a man, strong and one'—all the elements, in short, that have made the Russians submit to a Tsar yesterday and to Lenin to-day; and on the other hand their strength, their true fire of devoted idealism, their immense pity stretching out in fellowship to the insane, the criminal, and the weak.

'There are evil moments in every life. A false suggestion enters one's brain, and then fear is born—fear of oneself, fear for oneself.' Thus speaks Sophia Antonovna, a woman of stainless courage, in defence of the man who has gone near to become the basest of informers. Razumov, with abilities above the common, and an indefinable charm through all his selfishness and cowardice, a charm that is justified in the end and which from the first makes it credible that men and women far above him in character should turn to him with trust and affection—Razumov betrays to death a man who has trusted to his comradeship. And here again we are shown with a terrifying lucidity how such things come to pass.

Razumov, full of ambitions, liberal in politics but fiercely, if silently, critical of revolutionary methods, has been touched and excited by the possibility that his real father, Prince K——, may help his illegitimate son. The young student, poverty-stricken and homeless, sees for the first time the chance of setting his foot on the ladder that will lead him up from loneliness and obscurity to friendship, fame, and public service. Coming home one day to work for his Silver Medal, he is overwhelmed by the sight of a tall tragic figure standing by his stove, Victor Haldin, a student with whom he has been friendly, but no more. Victor has assassinated a great official and has turned to Razumov with impulsive innocent confidence to shelter him until the droschky-driver can be summoned who

will take him to safety. A whirl of contradictory emotions fills Razumov: he has not the heart, perhaps not the audacity, to turn Victor out into the street, but inwardly he fumes at the situation. If it is known he is compromised for ever, perhaps lost. Victor, a character of singular purity and sweetness, remarks his constraint and attributes it to his horror of violence. But he never dreams that his friend will betray him. Razumov does not at first dream of it himself, at least not consciously. He sets out to find the driver, locking, it is true, the door of the flat behind him so that Victor cannot escape on his own account.

But when he comes to the place indicated, the trusted driver is found to be hopelessly drunk. A wicked fury blazes up in Razumov. It is 'the evil moment'. Yet even in the snake-like grip of the temptation to give up his now most dangerous friend, his other self shows him Haldin 'suddenly, on the snow, stretched on his back right across his path', just as he lay waiting on the bed in the flat with his hands over his eyes. Razumov calls on his colder common sense. He walks right through the phantom. It is the turning-point. Victor, he now mutters to himself, is no more than a 'fanatical idiot' whom he is under no conceivable obligation to save. 'On the contrary—every obligation of true courage is the other way.' The shifts, the fever of excitement rising almost to madness, remind us of Dostoievsky's characters, especially in *Crime and Punishment*, but Conrad's own treatment always keeps the air of sanity round the reader, whatever insane horrors he is forced to witness.

A chance likeness in the street brings vividly before Razumov's mind the thought of the one man who might 'understand' him, his father, Prince K——, and he longs intensely, as a dying man might long for life, to be 'understood'. 'No human being could bear a steady view of moral solitude without going mad.' At once he goes to Prince K——, tells him the whole story, and of course is taken immediately to General T——, head of the secret police. Razumov, not unlike poor Jim, loathes General T—— at sight, but he has put himself irremediably in his power. Haldin is

betrayed, believing that Razumov is sending him to safety. The police, trying brutally to extract further information, tell him that Razumov is the betrayer. But Haldin dies without a word. Razumov hears the whole report from them. What can his life be after this? Hag-ridden by a remorse unacknowledged even to himself, he is credited, to his fury and alarm, by all the innocent, foolish young revolutionaries with having been a true friend to Victor, while he is more than half-suspected by the General as a turncoat. Eventually the authorities resolve to use him as a spy, and, without absolutely committing himself, he accepts a mission to watch the nest of conspirators in Geneva. Russia has become a nightmare to him.

The Geneva circle is etched in by Conrad with brief, decisive, delicate strokes that remind us again of Turgenev: the background of ineffective dreamers; the vain old harridan who poses as an Egeria, with her poor little crushed companion; the fat, empty-headed, voluble refugee who fools some of the shrewdest in the party into counting him 'an inspired man'; the brutal undetected police spy, Nikita, found at the end to have been killing in both camps, nicknamed Necator, the Slaughterer, even by the men who trust him; and, shining out among the squalid and the weak, strong and noble natures like the Sophia Antonovna of whom we have spoken; and, best of all, Natalia Haldin, the girl with 'the most trustful eyes in the world'. She and her mother are pining for news of their beloved Victor. She and Razumov meet. Heaven and hell meet in Razumov's heart when he sees her. The strange attraction that he and Haldin had felt for each other, unstained on Haldin's part, befouled on his with fear and envy and savage resentment, rises again when he encounters the living sister of the phantom over whose breast he had trod. Turgenev himself never drew a clearer woman soul, direct, simple, upheld by a sea of love and faith. It is hard to describe her, for a catalogue of virtues spells priggishness, and Natalia, though she has sternness in her, is utterly without self-consciousness. Better means than description are at Conrad's disposal, and we learn Natalia from what

she says and does. Razumov, aided by chance, succeeds completely in covering all traces of what he had done. The blame of betrayal is laid on the poor old droschky-driver, who did in fact hang himself shortly afterwards. But Razumov, who had planned to lay the ghost of Victor by stealing 'his sister's soul from her', is dominated by it. He confesses, and that when he is safe, and that to her when he knows he loves her and she is on the point of loving him.

The scene of the confession is as poignant as anything Conrad has ever written. The deadly secret is dragged out of Razumov as a poisoned arrow might be dragged out of living flesh. And without another's effort—for it is the divine pity in Natalia's nature as well as the truth in her that awakens, unknown to herself, the final impulse that tortures and redeems. Razumov asks her if she believes in the efficacy of remorse? 'She hesitated as though she had not understood, then her face lighted up. "Yes," she said firmly.' And, as Razumov rambles on, her insight drives straight to the point. '"You are concealing something from me."' He hesitates for the last time. '"Do you, Natalia Victorovna, believe in the duty of revenge?"

'"Listen, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I believe that the future shall be merciful to us all. Revolutionists and reactionaries, victim and executioner, betrayer and betrayed, they shall all be pitied together when the light breaks on our black sky at last. Pitied and forgotten; for without that there can be no union and no love." . . . He smiled bitterly with his colourless lips. "You yourself are like the very spirit of that merciful future. Strange that it does not make it easier. . . . No!"' It is harder, much harder, for Razumov to tell this girl than to face the revolutionary circle afterwards with a complete confession—the one thing more left for him to do—fully expecting death at their hands. There he is sustained at once by the sense that he is made free at last 'from falsehood, from remorse', and by his ineradicable disdain for men less able than himself. Conrad is far too great a genius to offer us incredible conversions. It is still the same Razumov who is filled with a raging tumult of disgust when,

dismissed almost in silence by the milder revolutionaries, he is pursued by Nikita, under whose mask he has detected the police spy, pinioned against the wall and brutally outraged by monstrous blows upon his ears. He is made stone-deaf, intentionally. Flung out into the street, wandering restlessly all night in his silent darkness, God knows where, he is knocked down in the morning by a passing tram, and left a shattered cripple, nursed for the faint shadow of the little while he has to live—not by Natalia, Conrad would never give us so cheap a reconciliation—but by the little, despised companion of the Egeria, a creature formed only to pity the helpless. Natalia gives herself completely to the cause of Russia, 'ceases even to think of herself'.

Jim and Razumov both redeem themselves, but Conrad has the power to interest us in men whose character seems to crumble under the strain of life beyond the possibility of redemption. His very first book, *Almayer's Folly*, deals with such a man. The book is not among Conrad's best, and a cursory reader might be pardoned for not seeing the promise in it, but the drawing of Almayer himself, a man 'weak, irresolute, unhappy', surprises us into a reluctant and horrified compassion, akin to the fascinated horror with which we watch the wretched nigger on the *Narcissus*, a born parasite, secretly frenzied by the fear of death, sponging to the last, so far as he can, on men better and braver than himself.

Almayer, in his youth, has consented, partly through cowardice, largely through greed, to wed a Malay girl, daughter of a royal race, adopted daughter of the tyrannical old Lingard, Tom Lingard the King of the Sea, the daring successful trader who was always as ready for adventure—often chivalrous adventure—as for trade, and who now in his old age, reputed fabulously rich, still following wild dreams, longs to see sheltered by a white man the child whose male kinsfolk, pirates all of them, he had killed in a desperate fight at sea. The girl marries at the bidding of her master, but she despises and comes to loathe the puny creature to whom she is mated. The hatred between them centres in a struggle for

the heart of their beautiful daughter Nina. And Nina chooses for bridegroom a man of her mother's race, the Dain Maroula, splendid, passionate, brave, and vigorous, whom her father, shiftless and aimless as he is himself, scorns for a son-in-law, with the inveterate pride of a man clinging to his white colour as the last anchor of his self-respect. Dain and Nina escape out over the sea, the sea that Conrad brings before us here in his first book with its calls of wonder, mystery, danger, and loveliness. Many touches in the book come perilously near melodrama, but Conrad shows what he can do at the close when Almayer lets his daughter go, the one thing he cares for in life, away from him over the brilliant morning waves into what he counts dishonour, forcing down in his heart the momentary gleam of a possible forgiveness. And still more vividly is the coming strength of the writer revealed in the harrowing end, the desolate man pursued by hallucinations of the child he had determined to forget, and cannot forget, sinking into semi-madness, into confirmed opium-eating, a degradation from which he had always held back before. Death sets him free at last.

'The only white man on the east coast was dead, and his soul, delivered from the trammels of his earthly folly, stood now in the presence of Infinite Wisdom. On the upturned face there was the serene look which follows the sudden relief from anguish and pain, and it testified silently before the cloudless heaven that the man lying there under the gaze of indifferent eyes had been permitted to forget before he died.'

In the light of Conrad's after-work we can see his genius feeling its way in *Almayer's Folly* towards the themes he has mastered in his later work, the alien charm of the tropics, the sea, that English heritage as we are accustomed to think it, about which he has written better than any Englishman has ever done, the tempests of passion that can sweep through man and woman and shatter the self-control of all but the strongest, the wild romantic exploits of which we say to ourselves, to adopt words spoken by a character in his latest book, 'Is all this possible? . . . No—but it's true.' Conrad has heightened and strengthened the element of romance in litera-

ture, and that in the great sense of the mysterious, the unexplored, the remote, luring the heart of man by its perils as much as by its secrets. And with it all he never loses the steadying, fortifying quality of humour, always present if not always expressed, the sense of what civilization means and common sense. It is symbolical that the day he began to write *Almayer's Folly* he was reading, so he remembers, one of Anthony Trollope's novels, no doubt with keen appreciation. He has that power of seeing all round his characters which is allied to humour, which gives breadth and makes for sanity, saves from mawkishness, and prevents a novel of adventure from dwindling into a mere yarn.

Character, the way a man meets his fate, that is always the supreme thing for Conrad. It is so in the weird and beautiful short story, *The Secret Sharer*, told with exquisite art and still more exquisite feeling. The young captain, setting foot on his first ship in the hush of a tropical night, finds floating silently beneath her rail a naked fugitive, a seaman like himself. He has killed a man, excusably in his own eyes, in Conrad's, and in ours, but scarcely so in the eyes of the law. His quiet appeal for a hiding-place wins strongly on the captain's sympathy and on ours. He takes him on board, conceals him, not only from the pursuers who come to search for him, but, and that for days on end, from every one of his own crew. A ghost-like resemblance exists between the two men ; and, with a skill that is much Conrad's own, we are made to feel a ghostly atmosphere, never overstressed, hanging about the whole perilous attempt. At the risk of his reputation, more, at the risk of his ship, the captain sails right in to the lee-shore of a land that his unknown friend may just manage to reach by swimming. Hardly any words can be spoken between them : few are needed. The glow of an unuttered friendship, born in risk and tragedy, nurtured by courage and generosity, illumines the sombre and thrilling tale.

Courage and generosity, fidelity and the power to love, those, quite frankly, are the master qualities for Conrad, and he makes no attempt to disguise the fact. The idea that an

artist to be true and great must cherish no moral preference is pointedly discredited by his work. His understanding of love gives him the key to the hearts of women. He can be stern with them, but it is only where they are without, or where they have mutilated, this gift of gifts, their normal birthright, that he ever risks passing into caricature, as in the case of the odious Mrs. MacWhirr, insensitive to the splendour and suffering of her heroic husband. He has a peculiar tender veneration, with something Shakespearian in its quality, for those forthright ardent virginal souls that can confer incredible joy on men of like mould with themselves, or put to shame the hesitant and the morbid. Natalia Haldin is of Juliet's kindred: so, despite all differences, is Lena in *Victory*, the girl who gives her life, and risks more than her life, to win the real love of the man who has rescued her, sheltered her, but who agonizes her very soul by withholding the crowning surrender that alone could bring her peace. This man, Heyst, is one of Conrad's most subtle studies. Proud and chivalrous, he cannot make use of his chivalry because of his over-civilized contempt for life. He cannot trust life sufficiently to put himself in its power by yielding to the locked-up affections in his own heart. So, and even through the inherent fineness of his other qualities, the doom of his loneliness and remorse is the bitterer, debarred to the end from the rapturous union of which he was capable.

This double outlook on the primitive and the highly-civilized recurs again and again in Conrad. It meets us in his latest book, *The Rescue*, a remarkable work, with interesting affinities to his earlier efforts. The hero, Captain Lingard, 'King Tom' of the Malay archipelago, the Rajah-Laut, Lord of the Sea, we have met before, in his grim old age, at the opening of *Almayer's Folly*. Here we see him in the full flush of his powers, and the full tragedy of his life, simple through all its complexity, a man irresistible as the sea but helpless before the impulses of his own heart. Lingard, charged to the brim with vitality and sincerity, a man of the people, who has won his way to much influence with the Malays by his loyalty and swiftness in action, who sways a world of his own

among these aliens, pledged by every tie of gratitude and friendship to restore one of them, a Rajah born, to his rightful throne, has his whole life changed, thrown into bewilderment, exultation, and despair, by the chance meeting with Mrs. Travers, a woman the fine flower of a finished and hard civilization. (Careful readers will recall *The Planter of Malata.*) She is married to a man hide-bound by convention, but although she herself in the inmost part of her is made for Lingard, though she thrills to the calls of love, honour, compassion, and is all but swept off her feet by the sheer charm of the adventurer, yet the gap between them is so great that she is, as it were, lost, when she is lured out of her own life and station. Lighting the flame in Lingard's breast, shaken by it herself, she has not enough fire in her own to consume the barriers between them. Unwittingly, and through Lingard's own absorption in the glimpse of Paradise she has opened to him, she brings it about that he is false to the trust put in him by his Malay friend. An immense desolation closes the book, but a desolation, as in all Conrad's work, that we can endure because of the spirit that goes out from the natures, above the common level, which move and breathe through it.

This sense of greatness in man, fit to encounter the majesty of nature, redeeming the vileness and cruelty of the race, is unfailing in *Nostromo,* a tale—I had almost said an epic—of the South American republics. It is Conrad's most ambitious work, and the achievement is worthy of the ambition. The canvas is crowded with figures, and every figure lives, while through it all runs the onward drift of a world moving through outrage, oppression, revolt, to something steadier and fairer. Steadier and fairer, but stained by the very struggle it has been through. 'So foul a sky clears not without a storm.' The legend chosen by the writer has a ring of hope, but when storms sweep through the sky of man, they cannot leave his azure undimmed like 'Heaven's sweetest air', and no man knows this better than Conrad.

This book of his might have had for title 'The Silver Mine of Sulaco', for the evil potency of wealth is one of the main

threads in the loom of it. The potency for good also: nothing is finer than the drawing of the intricate fascination that the mine and its possibilities exert over Charles Gould, most typical of Englishmen, born of a family settled for two generations back in the 'Sulaco' province of 'Costaguana'. His father died there, worn out by the baffled effort to make something of the mine against the intrigues of a scoundrelly government. The young Charles is fired both by ambition and by something better to make the mine succeed, and not succeed only, but become a rallying-point for settled order and justice. Emilia Gould, his girlish bride, with a girl's clear enthusiasm and hopeful faith, one of the most adorable women Conrad has ever drawn, follows him out to this end of the earth, ready with him to devote her whole life to the attempt. Most delicately Conrad shows us the difference in the two as time goes on. To Emilia a star of idealism is vital, while the practical taciturn Charles becomes more and more enchained by 'the material interests' that the mine must serve if it is to attain its end. It is a poignant instance of how the end is tarnished by the means:

> And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
> To what it works in, as the dyer's hand.

The plot is difficult, and not told in a way to make it easier, so that it may be worth while to give the salient points for the sake of students, since a grasp of the general situation is essential in order to appreciate the myriad points of view that Conrad flashes before us. This interplay is part of his rich and varied plan, almost world-wide in its range, and for the working-out of which he has used to the full his knowledge of many nations.

Beside the Goulds we have the high-bred distinguished descendants of the old Hidalgo families: Dona Antonia, for example, young, beautiful, lovably austere, daughter of an old patriot, herself patriotic with the grandeur and the blindness of idealism, convinced that her country can be rescued outright from the turmoil of tyranny, violence, and cruelty that hangs about it like a pall; Martin Decoud, half-frenchified and more

than half-sophisticated, but with that in him that can be startled through his love for Antonia into risking everything for her goal, in spite of his mordant wit branding it as impossible to reach; Dr. Monygham, English again, but shunned by many Englishmen, devoured by remorse for having once given way under intolerable torture and betrayed his fellow-revolutionists, a remorse that half hides itself under cynicism, a remorse that cannot hide his worth from the gentle penetrating eyes of Emilia Gould; Giorgio Viola, the noble old Garibaldino with his motto 'God for men, religion for women'; 'Nostromo', the Italian captain of stevedores (whose nickname gives the title to the book), a man capable of any exploit when his vanity is gorged, of any crime when it is mortified and the field left open for his cupidity. Behind all these, the foremost characters, looms the sinister background of a government threatened by ghastly creatures of ungovernable passions, who defile the great names of freedom and national honour to serve their own monstrous ends.

The main part of the book—though as usual Conrad writes all round his theme, giving us past and future whenever he chooses, as well as an orderly sequence of narrative—the main part opens with the risk to the decent Ribiera government, a government under which 'the "honest men" could breathe freely for the first time in half a century'. Its mainstay has been the material strength of the silver mine, for Charles Gould uses its wealth to back respectable rule. This dealing with corruption has been at heart 'irksome' to him, though his cold scorn lifts him above personal degradation; but it has always appeared to him inevitable, and 'he refused to discuss the ethical view with his wife'. The chief danger to the Ribierist government springs from the discontented soldier, General Montero, still more, perhaps, from his clever depraved brother Pedro; and, fanned by the two of them, yet another revolution flames up in the capital of Costaguana. The outlying province of Sulaco is far enough away not to be touched at first, but 'the patriots' there are in a ferment: they know the mine will be a magnet to the revolutionists. And among the patriots is Martin Decoud, drawn from Paris by the

thought of the Antonia he had met eight years before, a mere girl then, who had somehow inspired him beyond himself to serve her aim by sending out new rifles for the Ribierist government. When the danger heightens it is he, the sceptic, after all, whose intelligence saves the situation. Evil tidings follow on evil tidings: Ribiera has been defeated in the capital and has ridden over the mountains, a wearied and helpless fugitive, into Sulaco. Pedro Montero, to aid his brother the General, is marching on the town at the head of an armed rabble, the city mob rising to welcome him against the rich and the foreigners, while Sotillo, the smooth-tongued ferocious turncoat, threatens it from the sea, having got wind of the silver coming down from the mine. It is Decoud who is leader in the plan of carrying the treasure off at night to a port outside Costaguana territory, Decoud who suggests the idea of a counter-revolution making Sulaco a separate 'Occidental Republic', to be backed by a still undefeated Ribierist force, waiting secure in the hills, armed with the new French rifles. It is Decoud who sails out at night into the stillness of the silent gulf, taking the precious silver, helped only by Nostromo. The desperate plan succeeds—at a price, and with the desperate aid of others. Dr. Monygham, buoyed up by his pity and admiration for Mrs. Gould, faces everything, death, torture, new dishonour, to keep Sotillo off the town, feigning that he knows where the treasure is hidden and will betray it for a share in the plunder. As a matter of fact he believes it lost at sea, for Nostromo returns, letting it be thought that Decoud is drowned and the treasure sunk.

Nostromo's loyalty is undermined: the silver has dazzled him also with its fascination of potential power, and his vanity is stung by seeing himself a mere tool to be wielded and tossed aside by these masters and servants of the mine. He keeps to himself the secret that, though their boat was sunk, he and Decoud had managed to get the silver to a desolate island far out in the gulf, and that Decoud is waiting there alone. But his very vanity—and probably a touch of nobler pride—makes him undertake the hazardous expedition to summon assistance from the force Decoud had helped to arm.

Just in time: Monygham could keep Sotillo in play no longer, and the rope was already round his neck when the relieving transports steamed into the harbour. Charles Gould, determined to blow up the mine rather than surrender it, had been led out to be shot—like his uncle many years ago—rescued, he too, in the nick of time by his workmen marching on the town to save 'their Señor Administrador'. And with them is saved the province of Sulaco, to become for the time 'yet another South American Republic', and that not merely, as Decoud had said in the bitterness of his heart even while fostering its birth, one more among 'the evil flowers' germinating 'on a hotbed of rotten institutions', no, at least one real centre of order and prosperity. But the price? Decoud is dead: he killed himself in the strain of waiting alone. Very characteristic of Conrad is the searching sympathy, most tender and most stern, with which his collapse is told.

'He had recognized no other virtue than intelligence, and had erected passions into duties. Both his intelligence and his passion were swallowed up easily in this great unbroken solitude of waiting without faith. Sleeplessness had robbed his will of all energy, for he had not slept seven hours in the seven days. His sadness was the sadness of a sceptical mind. He beheld the universe as a succession of incomprehensible images. Nostromo was dead. Everything had failed ignominiously. He no longer dared to think of Antonia. She had not survived. But if she survived he could not face her. And all exertion seemed senseless.'

So perished Decoud by his own hand when his own schemes were bringing Antonia what most she had lived for. The fate of Nostromo is worse. He, the incorruptible Capataz de Cargadores, is corrupted by the hidden silver and by his own heart, till Death claims him too by the unwitting hand of the old Viola who takes him for another in the darkness. 'The silver has killed me. It has held me. It holds me yet.' So Nostromo murmurs to Mrs. Gould as he lies dying. It has killed Emilia Gould's happiness also. Gradually her husband, as Decoud foresaw from the first, is parted from her, though their love is not broken, by his absorption in the mine. 'He lives for the mine, rather than for her.' And gradually that mine,

which once had saved the people, becomes a menace to them. It is, beyond all question, the power of powers in the land. Antonia, with the fanaticism of an idealist, is dreaming with her friends of yet another war to bring the rest of Costaguana out of their oppression into the welfare that Sulaco enjoys. The mine with its 'material interests' is not likely to allow this.

'They will not let you jeopardize their development for a mere idea of pity and justice'—so mutters Dr. Monygham, a Dr. Monygham restored to his self-respect by the cruelties he has faced (and nowhere has Conrad given with more terrible force the impression of ferocious cruelty). Monygham is not only restored, he is filled with a new and poignant life by his unavowed worship for Mrs. Gould, love coming to him late in life 'as an enlightening and priceless misfortune'. Such a man speaks the truth to a woman in whose heart he sees clear. He tells her that Antonia's friends will have the mine against them to the last, but 'they may raise the country with the new cry of the wealth for the people'.

'Will there be never any peace? Will there be no rest?' Mrs. Gould whispered. 'I thought that we——'

'No!' interrupted the doctor. 'There is no peace and rest in the development of material interests. They have their law and their justice. But it is founded on expediency and is inhuman. . . . Mrs. Gould, the time approaches when all that the Gould Concession stands for shall weigh as heavily upon the people as the barbarism, cruelty, and misrule of a few years back.'

'How can you say that, Dr. Monygham?' she cried out, as if hurt in the most sensitive place of her soul.

'I can say what is true,' the doctor insisted obstinately. 'It'll weigh as heavily, and provoke resentment, bloodshed, and vengeance, because the men have grown different. Do you think that now the mine would march upon the town to save their Señor Administrador? Do you think that?'

She pressed the backs of her entwined hands on her eyes and murmured hopelessly:

'Is it that we have worked for, then?'

Yet the enterprise of the mine has achieved also a great and real success, and we miss the depths of Conrad's insight if

we do not see this too. Perhaps it is true, as Mrs. Gould feels in her loneliness, that there is 'something inherent in the necessities of successful action which carries with it the moral degradation of the idea'. None the less to put ideas into action is, and should be, always the aim of man, and every book of Conrad vibrates with the conviction that the man who misses his 'chance' when he is called upon to act has been false to life.

Conrad is no systematic thinker, and even if he could we suspect that he would not formulate his creed. In this, as in many other points, he is representative of his generation. The majesty and the mystery in things and men baffle his understanding, even while the artist and the lover in him exult over their terrible loveliness. Perhaps the best comment on his grave and splendid visions, vivid with audacity, strong in the powers of rapture, pity, fortitude, and humour, is to be found in words of his own:

'Joy and sorrow in this world pass into each other, mingling their forms and their murmurs in the twilight of life as mysterious as an overshadowed ocean, while the dazzling brightness of supreme hopes lies far off, fascinating and still, on the distant edge of the horizon.'

F. Melian Stawell.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND SOUTH-EAST MIDLAND DIALECTS IN MIDDLE ENGLISH

I. INTRODUCTION AND GENERAL DISCUSSION OF TESTS OF DIALECT.

THE following is an attempt at a survey of the main characteristic dialect features of the area mentioned, based on various groups of texts whose approximate place of origin is more or less known, upon others for which this is less certain, and upon a few phonological facts which emerge from an examination of the early forms of place-names.

The term South-East Midland is rather liberally interpreted, and the dialect of Robert of Brunne (South Lincs.) is included in the survey as well as that of the Norfolk Gilds. It is believed that the dialect of these regions marks the extreme northern limit to which several important features extend, which are often considered as belonging much farther south.

It is unfortunate that our record is not more perfect, both geographically and chronologically. Of the dialect of several counties, such e. g. as Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, we can derive but scanty direct knowledge, and that only from place-names, though from a fuller knowledge of the surrounding dialects drawn from texts it may be possible to infer something more regarding those areas which are not represented by literary documents.

The imperfection of our chronological knowledge of nearly every county dialect must make us cautious in asserting that this or that characteristic feature never existed in a given region. Some phonological and grammatical peculiarities were originally more widespread than later documents might lead us to suppose—they have been displaced by the encroachments of a different dialect type.

Others again tend to spread gradually from a given centre,

and to involve, at a later date, a far wider dialect area than they did earlier.

Examples of dialect features which are ousted by those of a different type are *ĕ* for O.E. *æ*, which shows a considerable contraction of distribution between the twelfth and the fourteenth centuries, and *ǣld*, *ēld* for O.E. *eald*, which is finally almost eliminated in favour of the O.E. *āld*, M.E. *ōld* type. On the other hand, the development of O.E. *ȳ* (from *ŭ—i*) to *ĕ̄*, which, so far as our present information and evidence go, was confined in the eleventh century to the dialects of Kent and Suff.,* is found already in the thirteenth century to have extended to Essex, Cambs., and S. Lincs., and in the fourteenth to Norf.

Here, we can hardly escape the conviction that Essex must have had *ĕ̄* (by the side of *ȳ*) already in the O.E. period. On the other hand, this feature is not found at all in the Bestiary or in Genesis and Exodus, which on other grounds we are inclined to assign to Norf., nor did I find any *ĕ̄*-spellings in the forms of Norf. place-names of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, although the Norf. Gilds of 1389 exhibit a certain number of *ĕ*-forms, and a few still remain in the Mod. Norf. dialect.

It is at first sight rather puzzling that these forms should appear so comparatively late in Norf. when we find quite a respectable list of them in Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, eighty years earlier. Since, however, we find traces of *e* in the Cambs. place-names we may perhaps assume that the forms spread to Lincs. through this area from Suff. in the first instance, and to Norf. later, from Suff. and from Cambs. as well.

Closely associated in dialect with this Eastern area, and of special importance to the student of English, is the speech of London and the surrounding district. In the narrowest sense, we must suppose that the linguistic unity which we call the London dialect extended, in the M.E. period, at least over Middlx., part of Herts., and part of Ess.

* Miss Serjeantson of Liverpool University has now (Dec. 1920) discovered an *e*-form in a tenth-century Cambs. Charter.

It is perhaps open to question whether in the early period, say in the twelfth century, this area passed south of the Thames so as to include parts of Kent and Surrey. We shall see that the dialect of Surrey, on the whole, belonged in many respects to a different type, and the same is true of Kentish.

It may well be that those elements in early London speech which we consider as typically 'Southern' were indigenous to Middlx., while the 'Kentish' features could be attributed with equal propriety to Ess.

For the sake of convenience in comparison, a brief account is given below of the language of the London documents from the Conqueror's Charter to Chaucer. A batch of Kt. documents is also included in our survey, as representing the typical S.E. dialect.

Finally, the language of the Surrey Charter (late ninth century) (Sweet's O.E. T., No. 45 and Second A.-S. Reader, pp. 194–6) is examined, although it is quite distinct from the true Eastern type, and compared on the one hand with that of the Owl and the Nightingale, and on the other with that of the Kt. documents.

There are, as will be seen, good reasons for believing that the dialect of O. and N. is in the dialect of W. Surrey.

In dealing with the above groups of documents I have selected for particular attention twenty-one points which appear to me most important in relation to the dialects of the area under discussion. No doubt other and additional tests of dialect could easily be proposed—such, for instance, as the occurrence of *v-* (u) for initial *f-*, and, if we were dealing with a more westerly type of English, the treatment of the W.S. groups *ġie-*, *ċie-*, *sċie-*, and so on, but for our present purpose I propose to confine my attention to the following points:

The treatment of the following O.E. vowels: (1) O.E. *æ̆*; (2) O.E. *eald-* (or *āld*); (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.; (4) O.E. $\bar{æ}^1$ (i. e. Primitive O.E. *ǣ*, W. Gmc. *ā*; (5) O.E. $\bar{æ}^2$ (i. e. *i*-mutation of *ā*, W. Gmc. *ai*); (6) O.E. *ēo*; (7) O.E. *ĕo*; (8) O.E. *io—i*; (9) O.E. *ȳ* (*u—i*); (10) O.E. *ȳ* (*ū—i*); (11) O.E. *ēa* (from *au*); (12) O.E. *ēa—i*; (13) O.E. *ĕa—i*.

Further, the following points of Accidence: (14) 3rd Pers. Pres. Sing.; (15) Pres. Pl.; (16) P. P. of Strong Vbs.—ending, and occurrence or reverse of prefix *i-*; (17) Infinitive; (18) Pres. Participle; (19) Occurrence or reverse of Acc. Pl. Pronoun *hes*, *is*, &c.; (20) Forms of N. G. D. Pl. of 3rd Pers. Pron.; (21) Pl. Pres. of **to be.**

Before giving the analysis of the various texts, a slight indication of the regional characteristics in respect of the above points may be presented, based on the evidence of those texts whose place of origin is known, and, when this is possible, upon the testimony of the old forms of place-names:

(1) O.E. *æ̆*. Already in O.E. the Suff. Charters write *e*, though not consistently. In the middle of the twelfth century in Nrthants., we find *æ*, *e*, *a* (Peterb. Chron.); in the early fourteenth century, *a* appears in S. Lincs. (R. of Brunne); in Norf. (Best., Gen. and Ex.) have both *a* and *e*, the latter but rarely, and the late fourteenth-century Gilds have *a* always, except in *efter*; the Suff. dialect of the fifteenth century (Bokenam) has *a*, and so have the letters of Margaret Paston and the Bury Wills. In Ess. the front vowel remains longer, and the fifteenth-century translation of Palladius has traces of *e*, and a few instances occur in the Cely Papers.

The front vowel is characteristic of Kt. The old Kt. Chrs. write *e* by the side of *æ* and *ę*, but there is reason for thinking that the mid rather than the low vowel was pronounced. The dialect of the Surrey Ch. agrees with Kt. in having *e*, which is there written consistently. In the Kt. documents of M.E.—the Vesp. Homs., O.Kt. Sermons (MS. Laud 471), Will. of Shoreham, and Ayenbite—all have *e* either exclusively or predominantly. Strangely enough, all Kt. texts have *a* in *fader* or *vader* 'father'. This probably represents an O.E. type *fadur*; cf. *feadur* (Gen. S.) in the Merc. Hymns.

The earliest London documents have *æ*, but Davy, Chaucer, and the first English Petition to Parliament all have *a*.

(2) O.E. *eal* + cons. According to Professor Ekwall (Old English Dialects, 1915), the evidence of place-names shows that fracture of *æ* before *l* + cons. occurred in Hunts., Beds., Suff., Ess., Herts., Middlx., Kt., and Suss. So far as I can

check this from the texts, it appears to be more or less confirmed, but the area must be extended somewhat. The Suff. Chrs. have *-eald-*, *-æald-*, *-æld-*; even as late as Bokenam *weld-*, *held-* occur by the side of the more usual *-old-*; in Norf., Best. and Gen. and Ex. have distinct traces of fracture, and slight survivals linger in the Gilds; we should expect *-old-* in Lincs. exclusively, but R. of Br. still has *welde* (Inf.) by the side of the usual *-old-*. All the Kt. texts have *eald*, *eld*, &c. In London, the Conqueror's Ch. and Hen. III's Procl. have *-eald-* (the latter also *āld*, while the later texts use only *-old-*, except for the very occasional *hēlde* in Chaucer. The Surrey Ch. often writes *-ald-*, which shows that this form was not confined to Anglian, even in the O.E. period. Thus the texts, on the whole, confirm the testimony of the place-names as regards the distribution of this feature.

(3) O.E. *ear* + cons. Considerable traces of *-ern-*, *-erd-*, &c., occur in M.E. in Nrthants. (Peterb. Chron.), Norf. (Best., Gen. and Ex.), in Suff. (Bokenam), and in Ess. (Palladius). In all these areas *-ar-* forms are also found. The earlier Kt. texts have *er*, *ear* by the side of *ar*, but Ayenb. seems to have *-ar-* exclusively, with one exception only, according to Dölle. In the London area *Edwerd* (unstressed) occurs in the Conqueror's Ch., but *-ar-* seems the typical form in later texts, though Chaucer has occasional examples to the contrary, such as *yerde* 'rod', *smerte*, &c.

(4) O.E. *æ*[1]. The distribution of the tense and slack types has been the subject of much discussion. Pogatscher's results, based as they are only on the modern forms of place-names, are not reliable. Peterb. Chron. is too much dominated by the tradition of late W.S. spelling to be much of a guide. The later scribes generally write *æ*.

The Suff. Chrs. generally write *æ*, but *Stredfordæ*; in Bokenam, to judge by the rhymes, the vowel is certainly the tense *ē*. In Gen. and Ex. O.E. *ræd* is written *read*, and *unrēd* rhymes with *dead*, which points to a slack sound.

In Kt. we may be pretty sure that the tense type was used, since already in O.Kt. *ē* is written fairly consistently. The Surrey Ch. agrees with Kt. in this respect.

The dialect of London evidently retained O.E. *ǣ*, which passed into slack [ɛ̄] in M.E. The earliest documents write *æ*, Davy's rhymes point to the slack vowel, and even Chaucer has a predominance of slack rhymes for this vowel.

(5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]. The majority of O.E. dialects preserve this vowel, but it is typical of O.Kt. that *e* is written for this as for *ǣ*[1]. This peculiarity occurs also in the Suff. and Surrey Charters.

In M.E., so far as we can judge from the spelling (*ea*), and from rhymes, the greater number of dialects preserve the slack [ɛ̄] for O.E. *ǣ*[2]. It is of importance to inquire over how wide an area the tense [ē] extended in this period. We may assume, although the direct evidence is not very satisfactory, that [ē] was still pronounced in Kt. The Kt. writer Gower writes *ie* in *diele*, O.E. *dǣlan*, a symbol only used for the tense vowel.

In Suff., Bokenam's rhymes establish a tense pronunciation. There are traces of this also in Gen. and Ex., and in R. of Br.

If, as seems certain, this typical feature which we know existed in O.E. in Kt. and Suff. still survived in the dialect of those counties in M.E., it appears that we must assume it for part at least of Essex also, and indeed the rhymes in Palladius (cp. p. 126, below) are evidence of the fact. There is but slight evidence of tense *ē* in the dialect of London proper, though Chaucer has a few undoubted tense rhymes. On the whole, the evidence of the rhymes and spellings is entirely in favour of [ɛ̄], outside the restricted area just mentioned. The occurrence of [ē] for *ǣ*[2], then, is an important test of dialect.

(6 and 7) O.E. *ēo*. Miss Serjeantson's investigation, not yet published (see p. 141), examines the distribution of the *u*-type in M.E. In none of the dialects which come within the province of the present article, with the exception of that of O. and N., on which see p. 139 &c., below, is there a trace of any other development than *ē*, presumably tense [ē]. There are indications that already in O.E. *ēo* had become a monophthong in Suffolk.

(8) *io—i*. I have no evidence of any other development

than *e* in the Eastern area, except in Trinity Homilies, on which see p. 139, below.

(9 and 10) O.E. *ȳ*. Except in documents of the London area, in Ess., and in the Surrey Ch., the normal development of this vowel in the East of England is either *i* or *e*.

According to the investigation into the M.E. distribution of the three possible developments of this sound, published in 1913 in *Englische Studien*, the place-name forms gave the following results for our area—the figures refer to the total number of each form found in the documents examined:

	Lincs.	Norf.	Hunts.	Cambs.	Suff.	Beds.	Essex.	Herts.	Middlx.	Surr.	Kt.
i	33	57	132	21	36	3	3	3	11	5	7
e	3	0	1	4	32	3	16	2	3	0	56
u	4	4	18	0	9	60	16	27	7	13	9

The results are, on the whole, confirmed by our texts, so far as we can check them by this means, as a glance at Nos. 9 and 10 in the tables below (pp. 128, 131, 135) will show; the analyses of the various texts may also be consulted.

It has been pointed out above (p. 113) that the *e*-forms are well established in late O.E. in Kt. and Suff., as is proved by the documents. Unfortunately there are no Ess. Chrs. so far accessible of the tenth and eleventh centuries, but we cannot doubt that *e*-forms must have obtained at that period in this county also, and this is made fairly certain by the testimony of the later Ess. place-names, and that of the fifteenth-century Ess. Palladius, and Cely Papers.

The conditions in Lincs. and Norf. have already been discussed.

The *e*-forms penetrate comparatively late into the London dialect, and are at first very scarce. Later London writers differ considerably in the number of these forms.

The spellings in the Peterb. Chron. are to some extent ambiguous. O.E. *y* is still written with considerable frequency, but it is pretty certain that it expressed the unrounded vowel. The spellings *sylfer* and *wryðen* in this text point to an *i*-pronunciation of this symbol. Moreover, *i* is also written for both long and short O.E. *y*. Apart from this, there is a certain sprinkling of *e*-spellings in this text.

Judiciously applied, in conjunction with other criteria, the occurrence and proportion of the various types *i—e—u* is a useful and reliable test of dialect.

(11) O.E. *ēa*. It is generally held that in all M.E. dialects, except Kt., this old diphthong became [ɛ̄]. It is variously written *ea, e*, and rhymes with the *ē* from OE. *ǣ*[1] and *ǣ*[2] in those dialects which retain the slack form of these vowels, and also, generally, with lengthened O.E. *ĕ* in open syllables. In the Kt. texts the old diphthong besides sometimes retaining the old spelling is often written *ya, ia, ye*, &c. It is doubtful whether these symbols express a diphthongal pronunciation.

(12) O.E. *ēa—i* (W.S. *ie, i, y*, non-W.S. *ē*). The M.E. descendants of the Saxon types are written *i* and *u* (*ui*) respectively. They are found only in the S.W. and do not concern us here. In the whole of the Eastern area only *ē*- occurs. This is true even of the oldest Suff., Kt., and Surrey texts. The forms with *i, ie*, in Vesp. Homs. and Vices and Virtues will be discussed later. Whether the dialect of Middlx. belonged to Eastern or Western originally in this respect, we have no certain evidence. In none of the London texts which we possess is there any other form than *ē*. See, however, remarks on *ea—i* in No. 13.

(13) O.E. *ea—i* (W.Sax. *ie, i, y*, non-W.S. *e*). The M.E. dialects agree in their treatment of this feature and No. 12. If we take *yrfe* in the Conqueror's Ch. seriously as representing the form in actual use in London at that period, then we may probably conclude that this dialect also used the W.S. form of No. 12. All later London texts point to *ĕ̄* for 12 and 13. This is true of all other Eastern dialects.

(14) *Ending of 3rd Pers. Pres. S.* Over the greater part of the Eastern area *-eþ, -iþ* preponderate enormously during the whole M.E. period, and in Kent and the London area this is practically the only form.

As early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, however, *-s* appears in S. Lincs. (R. of Br.), especially, though not exclusively, in rhymes. Best. has *-es* at least once, while Norf. Gilds have many examples, especially in the returns of the

Gild of St. Thomas of Canterbury. In Suff., Bokenam has usually *-yth*, &c., but *-s* once.

Coming much farther south, W. of Sh. has *-es* at least once.

Sporadic examples of *-es* are found scattered among various more westerly Southern texts when Northern influence is out of the question. Scattered forms of this kind are not necessarily regional in origin at all, but due to other causes. See pp. 332–7 of *Hist. Mod. Colloquial Engl.*, where the subject is fully discussed.

(15) *Pres. Indic. Pl.* In Lincs., Norf., and Suff. *-en*, or *-yn*, is either the only, or by far the commonest form. R. of Br., especially in rhymes, has some examples of *-es*. Although the Suff. dialect of Bokenam has only *-yn*, or *-e*, Marg. Paston, of about the same period, writes occasional *-yth* by the side of *-yn*. In Ess. the Transl. of Palladius has chiefly *-eth*.

In Kt. there is no trace of any other suffix than *-eth*.

As regards the London documents, the Procl. of Hen. III has both *-en* and *-eþ*, Davy only *-eþ*, Chaucer generally *-en*, or *-e* with occasional *-eþ*, the Petition to Parliament *-en*, *-e*.

(16) *Past Participles of Strong Verbs.* The two points to be considered are—the ending, and the occurrence or absence of the prefix *y-* or *i-*.

(1) As regards the ending, the texts show that from S. Lincs. to Ess. the P. P. usually ended in *-en* or *-yn*. The ending *-e*, on the other hand, is typical of Southern dialects both East and West. The very early Vesp. Homs. have *-en*; the Laud Homs., a hundred years later, *-e* with occasional *-en*; W. of Sh. *-e* and *-en*; Ayenb. *-e* only.

The dialect of London used both types. Hen. III's Procl. has *-en* and *-eþ*, Davy, Chaucer, and the Petition to Parliament both *-en* and *-e*. The two first have also occasional *-eþ*.

(2) I have noted no examples of the *i-*, *y*-prefix in Lincs., Norf., or Suff., but the Ess. Palladius constantly uses it, especially in Wk. Vbs. All Kt. texts have the prefix either universally or very frequently, when the verb is uncompounded. The London documents, including Chaucer, all have frequent examples of *i-* or *y-*.

(17) *The Infinitive.* The final *-n* is, on the whole, used more regularly in E. Midland than in more southerly texts. Thus while R. of Br. generally omits *-n*, probably because in this respect his dialect agrees with the Northern type of English, the Norf. Best. and Gen. and Ex. and the Gilds generally retain it. Marg. Paston, sixty years or more later, has both *-e* and *-en*. Bokenam has a large number of *-yn* forms. The more southerly dialect of Ess. (Palladius) omits the final *-n*, while the Kt. texts have the typical endings *-y*, *-i*, *-ie*, by the side of *-yen*, *-ien*, *-en*, and *-e*.

London documents have both the *-en* and *-e* types, and the full ending persists in occasional use well into the sixteenth century, and is fairly common during the whole fifteenth in writings of all sorts. See on this point, *Hist. M. C. E.*, pp. 341–2.

(18) *Ending of Pres. Part.* Generally speaking, it is agreed that, apart from the suffix *-ing* or *-yng*, the typical endings are *-and* in the North, *-end(e)* in the Midlands, and *-ind(e)* in the South.

The distribution of these forms according to our survey is as follows:

S. Lincs. (R. of Br.) *-and*, Norf. (Best. *-ande*, Gen. and Ex. *-ande*, *-ende*, Gilds *-end(e)*, *-and*). By the side of these forms, R. of Br. often has *-yng*; and Norf. Gilds has *-yng* at least three times. Marg. Paston has only *-yng* and *-yn*.

The Kt. texts have usually *-inde*, but W. of Sh. also *-ende* and *-ynge* at least once each.

In the London documents we find *-inde* in the Conqueror's Charter, and the later texts have usually *-ing(e)*, though Chaucer has occasional *-enge*.

(19) *Acc. Pl. of Pers. Pronoun.* The point here is the use, or the reverse, of the forms *hes*, *his*, *es*, *is*, which appear to have been current over a wide area.

The forms are found in Lincs. (Havelok), but not in R. of Br.; in Norf. (Best., Gen. and Ex.), but not in the later Gilds. No trace survives in any undoubted Suff. or Ess. text which has come down to us. (See, however, p. 138, below.) On the other hand the Kt. texts, Vesp. Homs., W. of Sh., and Ayenb.,

have many examples. The fact that *hes* is found in the Jesus MS. of the Moral Ode gives rise to various speculations upon which we cannot now enter. This text is usually believed to emanate from Hants. At any rate the dialect is definitely *not* Eastern in character. None of the early documents certainly written in London shows any signs of *his*, *hes*, &c., but our material is very meagre for the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it would be rash to deny the possibility of these forms being used in the dialect of the London area.

(20) *Nom., Gen., Dat. Pl. of Pers. Pron.* The *th-* or *þ*-forms are rare, even in Lincs., over our whole area until well on in the fifteenth century.

R. of Br. has *þey*, but *here* by the side of occasional *þeir* and *hem*; the early Norf. texts have *he*, *here*, *hem*, the later Gilds still retaining *he*, but having *þey* as well, but only *here*, *hem*. Bokenam has *they*, *þei* only.

Marg. Paston has *they*, *ther* by the side of *her*, and *them* by the side of *hem*.

The Kt. texts have the *h*-forms only, apart from the exceptional *þey*, by the side of *hi* in W. of Sh.

In London, Davy has *hii*, Chaucer and the Petition only *they*, *thei*, otherwise both the latter have *her(e)*, *hem*.

(21) *Pres. Pl. of* **to be**. The typical E. Midl. form is *bēn*, which is found in R. of Br., Best., Gen. and Ex., and Marg. Paston's letters.

The more Northern *are*, *arn* occurs R. of Br., Best. (also *aren*), Gen. and Ex., Bokenam (also *ern*), and Marg. Paston.

The southerly *beþ*, *beeth* is found in R. of Br., Marg. Paston (though rarely), and, as we should expect, in the Ess. Palladius.

The Kt. forms are *beoþ*, *byeþ*, *bēþ*, &c.

The early London documents have *beon* (Conqueror's Ch. and Procl. of Hen. III), *ben*, *been* (Davy, Chaucer, Petition to Parliament). Chaucer has also *be*, *arn*, and *beth*.

We now proceed to give brief summaries of the material upon which the above account is based.

II. SURVEY OF DIALECT FEATURES.

A. Eastern Group of Texts.

Peterborough Chronicle. (From 1127 to end.)

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: iaf, ðat, was, hadden, bar, wat 'what', spac; efter, wes, æfter, besæt, hefden, iæf, gæf. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: ald, alle, hals; ælle. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: carlmen, -wardes; scærpe, -iærd, hærnes 'brains'. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: wæron, gǣr; bræcon; iafen, forbaren; þer, slep, ofdred, manrēd. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: sǣ, todælde, ǣvric, ævre; todeld, nevre, flesc, hethen, lēred, beteht. (6) O.E. *ēo*: dēr, held, Pret., ben Inf., undēp; preostes; cp. also ceose for cēse 'cheese'. (7) O.E. *eo*: sterres, erthe; weorkes. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: litel, fir 'fire'. (10) O.E. *ȳ*: mynstre, minstre, bebirieden, byrthen, yfel, fylden, sinnes, bebyriden, bebyried; seresberi, werse, Hertlingberi, wærse. (11) O.E. *ēa*: rævede, hēfed, hæved, forles Pret. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: flēmden, hērde Pret., beǥēmen. (14) 3rd Pers. Sing. No certain example except *-aþ*, after *man*. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-en*. (The following seems to be the Pres. Indic., and not the Subj.—*Ne þince man na sellice þ̄ we seggen*, &c. (16) Strong P. P.: *-en*. (17) Inf.: werrien, þolen, cumen, &c. (18) Pres. Part.: *ridend*, &c. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: hi; here; heom. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: beon.

Robert of Brunne.

(1) O.E. *ǣ* = a. (2) O.E. (*eald*) *ald* (= old), told; also = eld, welde Inf. 1094. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: ȝerd—aferd, warme—barme. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: strēte rh. mēte Vb. 344–9, forbede P. P.—rede, —dēde—fēde Vb., dēde—ȝēde. (5) O.E. *æ*[2]: lēre—hēre 'hear'. (6) O.E. *ēo*: dēre, feend, helde Pret. (10) O.E. *ȳ*: hydde P. P., kydde P. P., brygge, bygger, kysse Pret.; werche Inf., wers, beye Vb., bregge, kest Pret., lestnoþ, kesse Inf., kechyn, beryed. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*; hērd P. P., hēre Inf. (14) Pres. Sing.: *-eþ*; also *-es*, but latter seems only or chiefly to occur as rhyming word. N.B.—wonys 476 non-rh. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-yn* usual form; *-e*; *-s*, *-ys* when rhyming—bars—bokbytes 1550, redys—dedys 5172. (16) Str. P. P.: *-en*, *-un*; *-e*. No *i*-prefix. (18) Pres. Part.: *-and* and *-yng*, former commoner? (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: his, hes does *not* occur. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: þey; herē. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: ben, are, beþ.

Bestiary (c. 1300).

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: nes, heuekes, seftes; fader, water, bac, after, ðat. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: all, -ōld-; helden, helde, elde N., unwēlde. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: ernes, ern, heuvest, herfest; harde, harm, sarpe, art. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: wēte 'wet' rh. hēte, dēde rh. mēde 'reward', wēte 'wet' rh. swēte. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: lereð. (6) O.E. *ēo*: forbēdeð, wildedēr, dēr rh. hēre, deuel, fend; divel. (7) O.E. *eo*: erðe, heuene, bergen Vb., werld, hert, werpeð, derflike, stert. (8) O.E. *io—i*: hirde 'shepherd' fr. *hiurdi. (9) O.E *ȳ*: kiðen Vb., litel, fir, hitt 'hides', kinde. (10) O.E. *ȳ*: filleð, hille, filstnede, sinful, wirm, iuele, ðirl, sineginge, sinnes, filðe, briche, stireð, ðrist, hileð, pit, birde 'birth', mirie. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: hēren Vb., leueð 'believes'. (13) O.E. *ea—i*: elde, derne. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: *-eð* (*-es*); 2nd Pers. *-es*. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-en*. [*-e* in inverted forms—helde we, &c.] (16) Str. P. P.: *-en*. No *y*-prefix. (17) Inf.: *-en*, *-ien*. (18) Pres. Part.: -ande, figtande. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: is. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: he. (21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*: arn, beþ.

Genesis and Exodus (c. 1300).

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: was, after, watres, bad Pret., dad P. P., glad; seck. (2) O.E. *al* + cons.: welden Pl. Pres., veldet, welt, welden Inf., geald Pret.; sold, old. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: -erd 94, gerde 'yard'. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: red 'counsel' rh. spēd and hēde, but read 2870, and unrēd rh. *dead* 1905–6. (5) *ǣ*[2]: lered, lesten, ear, O.E. *ǣr*; but lēden Inf. rh. ðēden (ðēod) and spēden. (6) O.E. *ēo*: deuel, held Pret., fendes, fel, leue Adj., diep Adj., digere Adj. (7) *eo*: heuene, erðe, sterre. / ðisternesse 58, 67. (8) O.E. *io—i*: hird 'shepherd'. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: srīd, mankinde, fir, fierisles. (10) O.E. *ȳ*: sinne, mirie, biried, iwel, dririhed. (11) O.E. *ēa*: dead. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: herde, flemede. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: ligið, &c. (2nd Pers., ransakes, redes). (15) Pres. Pl.: *-en*. (16) Str. P. P.: *-en* always; no *i*-prefix. (17) Inf.: to liuien, fechin. (18) Pres. Part.: tuderande, sigande, speccande, lōckende, stinken. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: is, hes. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: he, here, hem. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: arn, ben.

Norfolk Guilds (1389).

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: Generally *a*, but efter. (2) O.E. *eald* (*ald*): helden Inf., holdyn P. P. (6) O.E. *ēo*: lēsen, chēsen Inf. (10) *y*: gild, mynstre, fyrst, byried, birying; kechen, beryede, beriede,

menstre, meche, mechil, ferst, geld. (12) *ēa—i*: heren. (14) Pres. S.: *-yth*, *-ith*, frequent *-es*, *-is*, Gild of St. Thomas. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-en*. (16) P. P.: Strong Vbs. always end in *-en*, or *-yn*; except helde 53; no *i*-prefix except aforn-i-seyd 55. (17) Inf.: *-en* (usual), sometimes *-in*. (18) Pres. Part.: Generally -end, -ende; occasional -and, -yng at least thrice. (19) Acc. Pron. Pl.: No his. (20) N. Pron. Pl.: he, yei, þey. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: arn.

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(3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: yerd survives; otherwise hark, &c. (6) O.E. *ēo*: sometimes written *i*—priste, O.E. prēost. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: only lytil; mend 'mind'. (10) O.E. *y*: myche, gyrdil, hyrdyllys, swiche; meche, werse, beryid, bey Vb., besynesse, seche; suche. (12) *ēa—i*: fr. M.E. ē-type, written *y* in hyre Vb. 'hear'. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: Generally *-yth*; at least once without ending, commaund i. 246. (15) Pres. Pl.: Generally *-yn*; also *-yth*, e.g. makyth ii. 124; ye thank i. 224. (16) Str. P. P.: *-yn*, *-n* very common; also but less frequent *-e*, stole, broke, &c.; fond, hald. No *y*-prefix. (17) Inf.: askyn, gettyn, to heryn, getyn, tellyn, sellyn; speken; gon, seyn, biyn 'buy'; yeve, ȝef. (18) Pres. Part.: *-yng* written *-yn* in hangyn ii. 124. (19) Pl. Pron.: thei; her, ther; hem, them. (21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*: ben, arn, and (rarely) beeth.

Two Suffolk Charters (Bury Archives). After 991 (i) and 1038 (ii).

(From Sweet's *Second Anglo-Saxon Reader*, pp. 209–14.)

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: æt, dæg, æfter, fæder; þes, deg, eftær, wes. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: æaldormæn(d.), æalddagum, hæalue, æal, healf, sæalde. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: ġeérnode. (4) O.E. $\bar{æ}^1$: ylmesæton, becwǣdon, -stræte; mēge, strēdfordæ. (5) O.E. $\bar{æ}^2$: dēle Vb., ērest, ēr, / (ii) gelesta; æhta, ærest, landġemæra. (6) O.E. *ēo*: præoste, / (ii) dērast. (7) O.E. *ĕo*: weorþe, Bæorhtnoðe, sæolfran, freogon (all in No. i); werþa, / (ii) werð. (10) O.E. *y*: Fulan -pettæ, brece (Subs.), gefelste; mynstre, cymð, / (ii) byriġ, cynelafordæ, mylne. (11) O.E. *ēa*: æad modlice, / (ii) beæstan. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: gæhyrð, / (ii) ġeherað. (13) O.E. *ea—i*: eldrena; yrue, yldran. N.B.—*æ* written for *ē* in ġerǣfan; this would imply *e* for $\bar{æ}^1$, and $\bar{æ}^2$, and also for *æ*. The forms which depart from the W.S. traditional spellings must be taken as genuine in the dialect.

Bokenam's Lives of Saints (1443).

(1) O.E. *ǣ* = a. (2) O.E. *eall, eald*: weldyth, Agn. 351, held; Chr. 785, generally hold. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: sherp, yerde generally hard, &c. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: speche rh. teche, beseche Ann. 52. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2] [ē]: teche rh. seche, clene rh. sēne, wene, shene. (7) O.E. *eo* (yorth Ann. 525). (8) O.E. *io—i*: herdemen Ann. 307. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: mende, feer, fyre (rh. chere), besy. (10) O.E. *y*: meche, berthe, beryid, werst, kechyn; / thrust 'thirst' Ann. 444. (14) Pres. Sing: nearly always *-yth*, but seys. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-yn, -e*. (16) P. P. Strong: practically always *-en*, but come, forgete; no *y*-prefix. (17) Inf.: nearly always *-n*, but *-e* fairly frequent. (18) Pres. Part. *-yng*. (20) N. Pron. Pl.: they, þey only. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: arn, ern.

Palladius on Husbondry (c. 1420).

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: *e* survives in sedness, and shortened bledders, eddres. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: herde 'hard', herfest, yerdes. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: weete Adj.; drede—dede rh. trede Inf., there rh. dēre Inf., sede 'seed' rh. spede. (5) O.E. *æ*[2]: brede(n) rh. sprede, clene—kene, hete rh. grete, whete—wete; brede(n)—sprede, heete rh. greete, threed rh. reed (the plant). (6) O.E. *ēo*: creep, deep. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: hīde, hidde, hȳve, filthe, hide 'skin', kinde; brēsed. (10) O.E. *ȳ*: rysche, fyrst, pitte, mylle, kyrnel, kychen; besily, bey Vb., werst, wermes; brussels, curnels, cornels, busily. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: yēme Vb. rh. dēme. (13) O.E. *ea—i*: eldron. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: *-eth*. (15) Pres. Pl.: Generally *-eth*. (16) Str. P. P.: Generally *-e*, occasional *-en*; Wk. Vbs. constantly have *y*-prefix; Str. Vbs. more rarely—but ifounde. (17) Inf.: *-e*. (19) Pl. Pron. Acc.: hem. (20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.: thai; thaire; hem. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: beeth, are.

The Dialect of Bestiary and Genesis and Exodus.

Morris and Emerson content themselves with saying that the dialect of the Bestiary is E. Midl. The former places that of Gen. and Ex. in S. Suff.; for this assumption there seems no ground. Hall appears to hazard no precise opinion.

The dialect of both poems agrees in practically every respect, as a glance at the table shows. I have assumed in the foregoing that the common dialect in which they are both

written is that of Norf. A few remarks in justification of this are called for.

We may at once rule out Suff. as the place of origin on account of the absence of *ĕ* for O.E. *ȳ*, and because of the prevalence of *a* for O.E. *æ*, features which do not agree with the testimony of the old Suff. Chrs.

Morris was probably impressed by the occurrence of *is, his*, &c. (Acc. Pl.) in both texts, and perhaps thought it necessary on that account to place them as near to the S.E. as possible. But the fact that this form of the pronoun is found in Havelok disposes of such an argument. The prevalence of the Pres. Part. in *-and* in both our texts leads us to place them farther north, perhaps, even than the Norf. Gilds, which have *-ende* as the chief form, and *-and* more rarely. This, however, may be a matter of chronology rather than dialect. Again, the use of *he* as the only form in the Nom. Pl. of the Pers. Pronoun, in the middle of the thirteenth century, does not necessarily imply a southerly dialect.

The Pres. Indic. Pl. with *-en* is the only form and is typically Midl. The Norf. G's., nearly 140 years later, still retain this feature. On the other hand, the S. Lincs. dialect of R. of Br. makes frequent use of the *-s* Plural.

All the E. Midland dialects from S. Lincs. to Suff. show traces of front vowels, side by side with other forms with *ō* and *a* in the old combinations *-eald, ear* + cons. No argument therefore can be drawn from the occurrence of fronted forms in Best. and Gen. and Ex. Although *ĕ* for O.E. *ȳ* is found to some extent in the Norf. Gilds, the absence of this feature in these early texts does not necessarily tell against placing the latter in Norfolk. This point was discussed on p. 118. The above indications taken together go to show that the dialect was more southerly than S.E. Lincs., and more northerly than that of Suff. Norf., and rather to the north of that county, seems the most probable area, taking all things into consideration.

	Peterb. Chron.	*Robt. of Brunne.*	*Bestiary.*	*Gen. and Ex.*	*Norf. Gilds.*	*O.E. Suff. Ch.*	*Bokenam.*	*Mary. Paston.*	*Pallad.*
(1) O.E. *ǣ*	a—e	a	a—e	a (e)	a (e)	e	a		a (e)
(2) O.E. *eal*+ cons.	āld, ælle	-old; but wēlde Inf.	-old, but holden	-eld- (-old)	ōld (ēld)	æal-, -æl-	-old, (-ēld)		
(3) O.E. *ear*+ cons.	-ær-, -ar-	-er-; -ar	-er; -ar	-er			-ar-, -er-	-ar, -er-	ar, er
(4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]	[ē]?	[ē]	[ē]	[ē] and [ɛ̄]		[ē]	ē	ē	ee [ɛ̄] and [ē]
(5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]	[ɛ̄] and [ē]?	occas. [ē]		[ɛ̄] and [ē]		[ē]	[ē]		ee, e [ē] and ([ɛ̄])
(6 O.E. *ēo*	ē (eo) = [ē]	ē	ē	ē	ē	ē	ē	e = [ī]	
(7) O.E. *eo*	e (eo)		ĕ	ĕ		e	e		
(8) O.E. *io—i*			e				(e)		
(9) O.E. *ȳ*	ī		ī	ī	ī	ē, i	ī, ē	ī, ē	ī (ē)
(10) O.E. *y*	i (e)	i—e	i	i	i—e	e, i	i, e (ü)	i, e, (ü)	i, e, u
(11) O.E. *ēa*	æ, e	ē							
(12) O.E. *ēa—i*	ē	ē	ē	ē		ē		ē = [ī]	ē
(13) O.E. *ea—i*						e			e
(14) 3rd Pers. S.	-aþ	-eþ, -es	-eð (-es)	-ið	-eþ; frequent -es, -is		-yð (-s)	-yth, —	-eth
(15) Pres. Pl.	-en	-yn, -e, (-ys, -s)	-en	-en	-en		-yn, -e	-yn (-yth)	-eth, -en, -e
(16) Str. P. P.	-en	-en, -un, -e; No i-	-en; No i-	-en; No i-	-en, -yn (-e)		-en (-e). No -i-	-yn, -e	-e (-en); i-
(17) Inf.	-en, -ien	-e	-en, -ien	-en, -in, -e	-en, -in		-n, -e	-yn, -n (e)	-e
(18) Pres. Part.	-end(e)	-and, -yng	-ande	-ande, -ende	-ende, -and (-yng)		-yng	-yng	
(19) Acc. Pl. Pron.		No hes	is, es	his, is	No his		No his		hem
(20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.	hi, here, heom	þey, hem, here	he, here, hem	he, here, hem	he, þey, hem, here		they, þey	thei, her, ther, hem, them	thai; thair; he m
(21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*	beon	ben, are, beþ	arn, aren, ben	arn, ben	arn		arn, ern	ben, arn (beeth)	beeth, are

(N.B.—In the fifteenth-century texts the sounds representing O.E. *ǣ*[1] and *ǣ*[2] have no longer the M.E. quality. If tense the vowel has become [ī], if slack it has probably become [ē].)

B. Kentish Texts.

Kt. Homilies (Vespasian A. 22), c. 1150.

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: cweð, fedme, weter; fader, was, wat (?) 233. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: ælmihti, Godelmichti, scealt, ælra, sælde Pret.; healde Inf. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: ȝiere (= [jēre]). (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: delende, adrefde; æniȝ; N.B.—leorde, O.E. *lǣrde* (eo = [ē]). (6) O.E. *ēo*: chiesen 'choose', bien, diercynn, diofles, þiesternesse, frienden, þiode. (7) O.E. *ĕo*: hierte, selfre 'silver', ærlen 'earls', nemen 'take', sielfe, eorðe (all these spellings = [e]). (9) O.E. *ȳ*: prede, dreie Adj. 'dry', scred 'clothes', ceðen; litles. (10) O.E. *ŭ*: merhðe, mankenne, fulfellen, ȝewercon, seðen 'afterwards', senne, bedeles; but also diercynn, ȝescridde, sinnum. (11) O.E. *ēa*: tier 'tear', ȝecas. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: alisendnesse, ȝelife Pl. Subj., ȝehiran 'hear'. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: stepð, sit, comþ, fett. (15) Pres. Pl. *-eð*. (16) Str. P. P.: *-en*; *ȝe-* and *i*-prefix. (17) Inf.: *-en, -ien* (after to -ienne). (18) Pres. P.: *-inde*. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: his, es. (20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.: hi; hare, har; ham, heom. (21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*: beoð.

Kentish Sermons (MS. Laud 471), c. 1250.

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: þet, hedden, efter, smech, hest 'hast'; was, spac, fader, wat, water. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: ialde Adj., i-hialde, chald; chold. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: winyardes. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: speche, redeth. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: averiche, clensed. (6) O.E. *ēo*: liese 'lose' Inf., bien Inf., yemernesse, dieules. (7) O.E. *eo*: sterre, herte, selure 'silver', erþe. (9) *ȳ*: brēdale; litel. (10) *y*: manken, werm, senne, euele, ferst, berden. (11) *ēa*: beliaue(n), diadlich, diath, griat. (12) *ēa—i*: ihērde, i-hiereth, Imperat. (= [ē]). (13) *ea—i*: elde(n). (14) 3rd Pers. Sing.: *-eþ*. (15) Pres. Pl.: we redeþ, ye habbeth, bieth. (16) Str. P. P.: ibore, be-hōle, hi-funde, i-drunke, i-cume; i-fonden, i-comen, *i*-prefix also in Wk. P. P's. (17) Inf.: liese, under-stonde, to seche; somoni, makie, hatie; to siggen. (18) Pres. Part.: risindde. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron. No examples of his, &c. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: hi; here, hire; hem. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: bieth.

Will. of Shoreham (1307).

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: schel, wet, þet, creft, wesschere, heþ, hedde, wetere; / wat, schal, water, glas, wasscheþ. (2) O.E. *eald, eall*: cheld Adj., sealte Adj., sealue 'salve', healdeþ, ophelde, yteld,

tealde, elde adj., to helde Inf., halue, sealte, oldeward. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: hermy, þou ert, earmes Pl.; / harde, scharpe. (5) O.E. *æ*^{2}: fleasch, heastes. (6) O.E. *ēo*: feend, depe, crepe, see; ysoeþ, yseoþ 'we see'; freende (rh. meende), 28,753. (7) O.E. *ĕo*: berneþ, kerfþ. (8) O.E. *ȳ*: mende, kende, keþþe, meende (rh. freende), fer, felthe, þorȝ-þerled. (9) O.E. *ŭ*: senne, ferst, merie, mankenne, werche Inf., euel, lestneþ, foluelle, þerst, gelt 'guilt'; bysylyche, bysynesse; furste, murie. (10) O.E. *ēa*: senne-lyas, lias = lēas 'lost', deaþes, reaue, yþeawed. (14) Pres. Sing.: *-eþ*, but *-es* at least once 90. 139. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-eþ*. (16) P. P.: *y-* frequent; suffix *-e* commoner than *-en*. (17) Inf.: *-yen*, *-y*, *-e*, *-en*. (18) Pres. Part.: -inde, -ynde; but once connende 115. 38, and once knowynge 120, 148. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: hys occurs, also hem. (20) Non. Pl. Pron.: hi, þey. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: beþ, &c. (*f* initially very generally remains, but *v*, *u*, also occurs: uader, onderwangeþ, vedeþ, velþ, uoule 'foul', wlessche, uolle 'full', &c.)

Ayenbite (c. 1340).

(1) O.E. *æ̆*: ssel, sselt, þet, hedde 'had', efter. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: healde, yhealde; half, alne, wyþhalt. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: harmi, harm. (4) O.E. *æ*^{1}: y-redliche, huer. (5) O.E. *æ*^{2}: klene, techeþ, ulesse. (6) O.E. *ēo*: byeþ, uend, nyedes. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: mankende. (10) O.E. *ŭ*: helle 'hill', euele, uerste, uoluelle; kyng. (11) O.E. *ēa*: grat, dyaf, lyeaue, dyadliche, dyaþe, lyeaiuyes, leave 'leaf', kueaduol, greate. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: yleve Inf. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: *-eþ*. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-eþ*. (16) Str. P. P.: always *-e* when inflected—þe uorlorene; *y-* prefix general in uncompounded Vbs. (17) Inf.: loki, maki, þonki, excusi, serui; after *to*—nimene, wylene. (18) Pres. P.: -inde. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: his, hise. (20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.: hi, ham, hire. (21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*: byeþ.

The Dialect of Vices and Virtues.

This text is interesting on account of the unusual combination of dialect features which it presents, and by reason of certain characteristic spellings.

In spite of what might at first sight be considered a rather incongruous mingling of forms, this text, on careful study gives the impression of reproducing a genuine dialect, and not one disfigured by copyists.

Summary of Dialectal Features of Kentish Texts.

	Vespas. Homs.	*Laud Homs.*	*Will. of Shoreham.*	*Ayenbite.*	*Vices and Virtues.*
(1) O.E. *æ*	e (a)	e, a	e, a	e	a
(2) O.E. *eal* + cons.	æl, el, eal	-iald, -ald, -old	-eld, -eald (-old)	eald, -al-	eald, æld, eld
(3) O.E. *ear* + cons.		yarde	er, ar	-ar	ar (ear)
(4) O.E. *æ*[1]	ȝiere = [ē]	e		-e	Generally a; (æ, e)
(5) O.E. *æ*[2]	e (æ)	e, a	ea	e	a, æ (e)
(6) O.E. *ēo*	ie (io)	ie (e)	e, ee (oe, eo)	ye, e	ie
(7) O.E. *eo*	ie, e (æ)	e	e	e	ie, e
(9) O.E. *ȳ*	e (i)	e, i	e, ee	e	i (ie, e)
(10) O.E. *y*	e (i)	e	e (u, i)	e (yng)	e (i, u)
(11) O.E. *ēa*	ie (a)	ia	ya, ia, ea	ya, yea, ea, a	ea
(12) O.E. *ēa—i*	i	e		e	e, ie = [ē]
(13) O.E. *ea—i*		e			ie
(14) 3rd Pers. Sing.	-þ, -tt	-eþ	-eþ (-es)	-eþ	-eð
(15) Pres. Pl.	-eð	-eþ	-eþ	-eþ	-eð
(16) Str. P. P.	-en; ȝe- and i-pref.	e (en); i-prefix	e; -en; y- frequent	-e (infl. -ene), y-prefix	-en (-e)
(17) Inf.	-en, ien, -ienne	e, ie, i (en)	-en, -yen, -y, -e	i, Infl. -ene	-en, -ien, -in
(18) Pres. Part.	-inde	-inde	-inde, -ynde, -ynge, -ende	-inde	-ende (-inde)
(19) Acc. Pl. Pron.	his, es	No his, &c.	hys, hem	his, hise	hes, his, is (hem, him)
(20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.	hi; hare, har; ham, heom	hi; here, hire; hem	hi, þey	hi, hire, ham	hie (he, hi); here; hem (heom, him)
(21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*	beoð	bieð	beð	byeþ	bieþ (bien)

The chief features of V. and V. are given, alongside of those of the Kentish texts, for comparison and contrast.

We give first a brief analysis of the salient dialectal features.

(1) O.E. *æ̆*. Always *a*: ðas 'does', after, fader, ðat, smac, biȝat, hafde, hwat, water. (2) O.E. *eall, eald*, &c.: alle, halp, half; but twifealdeð, healdeð (Pass.), sealde, welden, wealden, ældmone, eld (Adj.). (3) O.E. *ear* + cons. Nearly always *a*: harme, earde, ȝewarned, art, hardnesse, arme 'wretched'; (*ea*) ofearned 29. 12. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]. Nearly always written *a*: sade 'seed'[2], spache, spaches, dades 'deeds', waren, spaken Pret. Pl., waren (Unstr.), radinge, att Pret. S.; wæren, speches. The spellings point to [ē] rather than to [ē]. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]. Generally written *a*, sometimes *æ*, rarely *e*, never *ie*: arst 'first', &c., dale, lafdi, unȝesali, ladde Pret., hardest, ar*a*ren, haðenesse, flasch; æure, næure, hæte 'heat', læche, tæche; flesc. (6) O.E. *ēo*. Nearly always *ie*: lief, drieri, bieð, bien, diepliche, dieuel, þieues, forliesen, &c. (7) O.E. *eo*. ierðe, ȝiernliche, liernen; werkes, lemen 'limbs', erðliche, herte, kerven; eorða—*er* < *ar*:—harkieð, &c. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: *y*, *i*, also *ie*, *e*: kyðen Inf., litel, litlede, bliðeliche; but—unbleðeliche (this suggests the existence of an O.E. **blȳðe*-), imiend (N.), fiere (passim), keðen Inf. (10) O.E. *y̆*. Generally *e*; also *i*: senne, &c. (passim), kenne (N.), eueles, sceldi, wermes, seneȝin, hlesten Inf., wercheð, merhðe; mankynn, ikynde, ikyndeliche, gildenene (Adj.), ȝekynde; wurchende. (11) O.E. *ēa*. Initially *ie*: *iec*; otherwise *ea*: deað, heaued, cheas, eare. (12) O.E. *ēa*—*i*: herde, ȝehiereð, ȝieme, liesde, ich ilieue [= ē]. (13) O.E. *ea*—*i*: dierne, ielde 'age'. N.B.—(*a*) Distinction between *ie*lde (O.E. ēldu) ȝielde, (O.E. ġēlde) with [ē], and eld, æld (O.E. eald) with [ē]; (*b*) ie written for ē:—dieþ 'dēþ', hier, besiechen, fiere, &c.; ȝehiereð, &c.; swiete. (14) Pres. Sing. Always *-eð*. (15) Pres. Pl. Always *-eð*. (16) P. P. Generally *-en*, sometimes *-e*. (17) Inf.: *-en*, *-ien*, *-in*. (18) Pres. Part.: *-ende* is usual form; occasionally *-inde*. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: *hes* very common—also, occasionally in S. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: bieð, bien.

The dialect is clearly of a Southern type, as appears from Nos. 4 and 15. It is easterly rather than westerly according to the testimony of Nos. 6, 7, the *e*-forms in 9 and 10, and the existence of the Pronoun *hes* (No. 19). E. Surrey is ruled out by Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, and 19. Kt. is excluded, in spite of 6, 7, 9, 10, and 19, by Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 18, and Suss., probably, by 1, 2, 3, 9, and 10. We may discard the southern and central areas of Ess. on account of 1, 2, 3, of the *i*- instead

of *u*-forms alternating with *e*- in 9 and 10, and also because of the predominant *-ende* in 18. The absence of *u*-forms in 9 and 10, the occurrence of *hes* (19), and the absence of Pres. Indic. Pls. in *-en* by the side of those in *-eð*, are quite enough to show that the text was not written in London, nor in Middlesex. Of the counties bordering on Middlx., Bucks. and Herts. are ruled out by 9 and 10 if for no other reason; Beds. for the same reasons. Hunts. and probably the greater part of Cambs. are made impossible by the large proportion of *e*- to *i*-forms in 9 and 10.

Suff. and Norf. are made improbable by 2, 4, 5, 15, and 16 (*i*- or *ȝe*-prefix).

We have now narrowed down the area considerably, and may suggest that the dialect of our text was very probably that of N.E. Essex, in the Saffron Walden area. This position, close to the borders of Herts. to the south-west and Cambs. to the north, would account for the peculiar combination of dialect features exhibited by the text.

Of these the most noteworthy are the following: The two OE. *ǣ* sounds are evidently both slack, which is what we should expect. *ǣ*[1] almost certainly retained its slack quality in Ess., and the area in which *ǣ*[2] became tense was farther east. No. 2 in this text shows the fracture of *æ̆* which is normal to Essex, but has traces of the unfractured Anglian type. Ekwall apparently does not find it in Cambs. Nos. 1 and 3 belong to the E. Midl. The proportion of *i*- to *e*-forms under 9 and 10 is explicable by the neighbourhood of the Cambs. border. The considerable number of *e*-forms on the other hand is characteristic of Essex. The prevailing forms of the P. P., the Inf., and the Pres. Part. belong to the E. Midl., but the endings *-e*, *-ien*, *-inde* which also occur show that the influence of a more southerly type is not absent. The almost invariable occurrence of the prefix *ȝe*- or *i*- in the P. P. agrees with what we should expect in Essex.

A few words on the spelling of V. and V. will not be out of place.

The consistent use of the symbols *ie* for what is certainly tense *e*, and the omission of their use to express a vowel which

we know to have been slack is very significant. This spelling is used to express *ĕ* of no less than seven different origins:

1. O.E. *ē* (of various origins): *dieð* 'does', *besieke*, *besieche*, *siech* Vb.; *swiete* Adj.; *sliep* Part., *for liet* 'left'; *fiere* 'fire', *imiend* 'memory', &c.; *hierafter*.

2. O.E. *ēo*: *bieð* 'are', passim, *bien*, *isieð*, *isien* Inf., *lieue* O.E. *lēofa*, *diepliche*, *friende* Pl. (O.E. *īu—i*); *dieuel*, *stiere* Inf. 'guide', stieresmanne, *pieues*.

3. O.E. *ĕo*: *ierðe*, *ȝiernliche*, *hierte*.

4. O.E. *ēa—i*: *gehiereð*, *liesde*, *ȝieme* N., ich *ilieue*. (It is evident that the vowel expressed here is non-W.S. *ē*.)

5. O.E. *ĕu—i*: *dierne*, *ielde* 'age'.

6. O.E. (non-W.S. *e*) *ȝielde*, *ȝieldan*, *forgielt*. (The *ie* here clearly has nothing to do with W.S. *gieldan*, but it forms lengthened *ē* from O.E. *ġeldan*.)

7. O.E. *ēa* (initially): *iec*, O.E. *eac*. In this solitary instance, perhaps, we must assume that *ie* expresses a slack vowel.

The contrast between the spelling in the above words in this text and that so commonly used for both the O.E. *ǣ* sounds can hardly be disregarded. Had either of these vowels been pronounced tense, it is hardly conceivable that *ie* should never have been written for either, and that, on the other hand, *a* should be the favourite symbol to express the sound.

It is further worth noting that whereas O.E. *e* is written *ie* when lengthened, as in *ielde* from O.E. *eldu*, the unmutated form of the fracture *ea* is never so written, and we have either *eld* or *æld* for O.E. *eald*, late O.E. *ǣld*.

It appears from this and other spellings mentioned above that there was a distinction in the dialect of the text between lengthened O.E. *e*, and lengthened *æ*, the former becoming [*ē*], the latter [ɛ̄].

C. The London Documents.

In dealing with these, we give for the sake of convenience only the briefest synopsis of the main dialect features, and to save space, omit a more comprehensive analysis.

C. London Documents.

	Conqueror's Ch.	*Hen. III's Procl.*	*Davy's Dreams.*	*Chaucer.*	*Parl. Petition, 1386.*
(1) O.E. *æ̆*	æ, fader	þæt	a	a	a
(2) O.E. *eal* + cons.	eald, healde	eald, -ald	bīfalle	old, &c., but hēlde Inf.	holden, &c.
(3) O.E. *ear* + cons.	Eadwerdes			hard, &c.	
(4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]	wǣran	rædesmenn	wēren rh. earen, &c. [ē̄]; but drede rh. mede	[ē] and [ē̄]	ē; adradde
(5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]	ænig	ilærde, dæl		ē slack [ē̄], rare [ē]	
(6) O.E. *ēo*	frēondlice, bēodan		dērwerþ, leue, bien	ē	ē
(7) O.E. *eo*	weorče Adj.			e	
(8) O.E. *io—i*				e	
(9) O.E. *ȳ*	kyče			ī—ē	i, hidynges
(10) O.E. *ȳ*	kyng, wylle, nelle	kuneriche, iwersel	i—(u)	i—e—u	i, hidde
(11) O.E. *ēa*				e [ē̄]	
(12) O.E. *ēa—i*			stēl	hēren, &c.	
(13) O.E. *ea—i*	yrfenume			e	
(14) 3rd Pers. S.			-eþ	-eþ	-eþ
(15) Pres. Pl.		-en; -eþ	-eþ	-en, -e (-eþ)	-en, -e
(16) Str. P. P.		-en, -e; i-prefix	-e, -en; i-prefix	-en, -e; i-prefix	-en, -e; y-
(17) Inf.		-en, -ien	-e	-en, -e	-e
(18) Pres. Part.		ilestinde	-ing	-ing	-yng
(20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.			hii	they, hem, here	thei, hem, her
(21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*	beon	beon	ben	ben, be, arn, beth	ben

The Lambeth and Trinity Homilies (both circa 1200).

Both of these texts are usually described, very vaguely, as being in the Southern dialect. An examination and comparison of the peculiarities of each shows that this is very inadequate, and also gives rise to a more definite view as to the probable approximate areas in which the Homilies were written. A fuller, though brief analysis of the dialect of each is given below, but we may usefully give a summary of results at once, and for purposes of comparison we place them side by side, and in another column the corresponding forms from the London documents.

	Lambeth Homs.	Trinity Homs.	London Docs.
(1) O.E. *æ̆*	e (a)	a, e	æ, a
(2) O.E. *eal* + cons.	ea, e, a	ea, e (a)	ea, ē, ā, ō
(3) O.E. *ear* + cons.	er (ar)	er, ar	er, ar
(4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]	[ē̞] and [ē]	[ē, ē̞]	[ē̞, ē]
(5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]	[ē̞]	[ē̞]	[ē̞] ([ē])
(6) O.E. *ĕo*	ē (eo)	ie, e	ie, e
(7) O.E. *ĕo*	eo, e	e, ie	e
(8) O.E. *io—i*		i, e	e
(9) O.E. *ȳ*	u	i, u	i, e
(10) O.E. *y̆*	u, i	i, u (e)	i, e, u
(12) O.E. *ēa—i*	ē	ē (ū)	ē
(13) O.E. *ea—i*	e	e	e
(14) 3rd Pers. S.	-eð	-eð	-eð
(15) Pres. Pl.	-eð (-en)	-en, -eð	-eð, -en, -e
(16) Str. P. P.	-en, -e; i-prefix always	-en, -e; i-prefix frequent	-en, -e; i-prefix
(17) Inf.	-en, -an, -ien	-en (-e)	-en, -ien, -e
(18) Pres. Part.	-inde, -ende	-ende, -inde	-inde, -yng, &c.
(19) Acc. Pl. Pron.	hes frequent	hes, is	No hes, &c.
(20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.	he; hem, ham; here, hire, hare	hie, he (þey); here, hem	hii, þey; here, hem
(21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*	beoð	ben, bien; beð, buð; (aren)	beon, ben, be; beth; aren

The agreements here shown are rather striking. The general impression is that Trinity is rather more easterly and northerly than Lambeth. It can hardly be questioned that they belong to different sections of the same general dialect area.

This appears from Nos. 1, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 18, 20, 21. The differences, however, for the most part consist in the relative frequency of the occurrence of the forms in the two texts, and not in any actual difference in the character of these. Apart from the *eo* spellings in Lambeth, the *ī* in No. 9, and the rare *e* of No. 10 in Trinity, the rare *pey* and *aren*, and the solitary *u* in No. 12 of Trinity, neither collection of Homilies exhibits any dialect feature which is not at least found, if not in the same proportion, in the other. Again, where both texts have alternative forms, they are almost always the same alternatives.

When we turn to the London documents we find that with the exception of the pronoun *hes, is*, the same forms, and what is more significant, the same combinations of forms, and the same alternatives occur here, as in the Homilies.

It has been usual hitherto to regard these combinations of dialectal features as due to scribes and copyists, rather than as representing the genuine speech habits of a particular area. But if certain combinations found in documents which were, as we believe, written in London, are accepted without question as typical of the actual speech of that area, how is it possible to dispute the claim of identical or similar combinations and alternatives, to represent a real dialect when these are found in other texts? It would seem then that we are perfectly justified in assuming that the two groups of Homilies were written in an area in which a dialect was spoken virtually identical with what we are accustomed to call the London dialect. The one point which might make us hesitate is the occurrence of the Pronoun *hes*.

We have seen that this was used, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, over a very wide area (see p. 121, above). We have no evidence that this form was used in London. On the other hand it would be very temerarious to assert that it was not. Our record of the London dialect prior to the fourteenth century is very scrappy. We know that this dialect underwent considerable alteration in respect of its constituent factors between the time of Hen. III's Procl. and that of Davy, and that a further regrouping of dialectal constituents took place between the days of this writer and those of Chaucer.

In view of the many points of agreement between the language of our Homilies and that of the London Documents it would be unwise to refuse to assign them to this area on account of this single point, especially as we do not know that the form was not current in London or the immediately surrounding area early in the thirteenth century. It seems more probable that this was so. Until some good evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, we may without undue rashness assume that both the Trin. and Lamb. MSS. were written within a radius of fifteen miles or so of London. We might suggest, tentatively, that the Lamb. MS. was written in the neighbourhood of Brentford. There are various objections which will occur to the reader against attributing the text even to N.E. Surrey, otherwise we might almost be inclined to claim Lambeth itself as its place of origin.

The Trin. Homs. may well have come from N.E. Middlx., near the Essex border, or possibly across this, east of the River Lea.

If the suggestion that these texts belong to the London sphere of influence, possibly to Middlx. itself, were confirmed by subsequent investigation, we should indeed gain a wonderful addition to our sources of knowledge of the early dialect of this area.

Lambeth Homilies (c. 1200).

(1) O.E. *æ̆* = *e*: nefden, ber (Pret.), hefden, efter, feder, cweð, hwet, igledeð, et-heavekes, spec (Pret.), wetere, gles, chef, creft, epple; but watere, at-. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: ealde, weldende; but ald, ualleð, cwalme. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: middelerd, herm, ert (2nd Pers.), herdnesse, bern 'child', earme; towaarð. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: redliche, cweþen (Pret. Pl.), rēd (Vb.) rh. bred 'bread' Paternoster 63. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: helend, ear, er (O.E. *ǣr*), efre, eani, sea, leaden Inf., learþ 'teaches'. (6) O.E. *ēo*: chēs (Pret.), wesh (Pret.), fellen, eoden. (7) O.E. *ĕo*: heorte, abeoren Inf., neominde, heouene, seolue, to speoken; stere, ȝerne, heuene, herþe 'earth', werckan (Dat. Pl.), fehtað. N.B.—orþe 'earth'. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: lutel, scrudest, dusie, fur 'fire', bihude 'hide', cunde. (10) O.E. *y̆*: ufele, lust, moncun, eubruche, sunne, abuggen, putte, afurht, furst, drunche, þurst, tuhte, murie, lunt, þuncheð, stunch; ouerkimet, drihten, unafillendliche, kinesetle. (12) O.E. *ēa*—*i*: iherd, alēs Imperat.,

alēsede, alēsde. (13) O.E. *ĕa—i*: eldre (Adj.), wermðe. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-eð* nine examples counted; *-en* seven times; *-e* twice when Vb. precedes Pronoun. (16) Str. P. P.: *-en*, and *-e*; *i*-prefix universal. (17) Inf.: *-en*, *-an*, *-ien*. (18) Pres. Part.: *-inde*, more rarely *-ende*. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: *hes* frequent. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: he, he; hem, ham; here, hare, hire. (21) Pl. Pres. of *Be*: beoð.

Trinity Homilies (c. 1200).

(1) O.E. *ă*. Generally *a*: wat 'what', fader, brac, after, gaf, appel; but eðele Adj., gef Pret., wes, spec Pret., hedden. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons. Generally *ea*, *e*: wealdende, healde, manifeald, iweald, heldeð; but—holden, half, biwalden. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: bern, smerte, erfeð, herme, erd 'country'; but harmes, hard. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: tospred (P. P.), aredde, wiedes 'weeds'; tosprad. [ē, ē̞]. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: sæ, lafdi. = [ē̞]. (6) O.E. *ēo*: deflen, þesternesse, forlesen, lef, gémerlich; behield Pret., lief, þiesternesse, bieð, bien, þiefes, hielde, dieuel, wiðtien; deor. (7) O.E. *ĕo*: herte, derke, gerneð, heuene; eorð, f*eor*ðe; (clupe = O.E. *clyppe*?); lemes 'limbs' = O.E. *leomum*; gierneð (= tense *e*). (8) O.E. *ĭo—i*: drigen (Inf.), on analogy of driȝþ, &c. fr. *driuȝiþ; herdes fr. heordes. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: fir, liðere, tineð 'shuts', kið; fur, tuneð, cuinde. (10) O.E. *ў*: synne, synfulle, minigeð, ifild, kinnes, iuele, pit, þincheð, filste, briggeden, dintes; fulste, wurchen, þurst; sunne, sunneful, burden, fulnullen, uncunne, ufele; senne, werst, kenne. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: gemeð, heren (Vb.), lesen (Inf.); unluuede 'unlawful, unallowed'. (13) O.E. *ea—i*: eldre. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: *-eð*. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-en*, *-eð* former perhaps predominates. (16) Str. P. P.: *-en*; occasional *-e*; *i*-prefix common but not invariable. (17) Inf. Generally *-en*, *-e* rare. (18) Pres. Part.: *-ende*, *-inde*, about equally frequent; latter perhaps rather more frequent. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron.: hes, is. (20) N. G. D. Pl. Pron.: hie, he; þei at least once; here, hem. (21) Pres. Pl. of *Be*: bēn, bien; beð, buð; aren at least once.

IV. THE DIALECT OF THE 'OWL AND NIGHTINGALE'.

A brief glance at the analysis given below of the chief features of this text reveals its southern origin. This appears from Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7, 16, and, when considered together with other features, from Nos. 9 and 10.

But we cannot attribute it to a very easterly area. Kent is

excluded by the proportion of *a*- to *e*-forms in No. 1; by the large proportion of forms showing absence of fracture, at this early period, in No. 2; by (5) where $\bar{æ}^2$ has clearly a slack pronunciation; by No. 7 where the rhymes and spellings show [y] for old *eo*; by the treatment of old *ȳ* in Nos. 9 and 10, and by the absence of *hes* (No. 19). The same reasons rule out Essex.

On the other hand, in spite of No. 7, we cannot place this dialect very far to the West, by reason of Nos. 4, 12, and 13.

Surrey would therefore seem to be a likely area, lying as it does between districts which are respectively typically Eastern and typically Western in dialectal characteristics.

We naturally compare our text with the ninth-century Surrey Ch., a brief analysis of which is appended. The places mentioned in this Ch. lie in various parts of the county, but it may be noted that the writer bequeathes with particular care to his wife and their common children land in Sanderstead, Selsdon, Clapham, and Lingfield, all in East Surrey, as well as land near Westerham, which is actually over the Kentish border. Among this list of properties, Horsley alone is in West Surrey. It is perhaps fair to assume that the writer's actual homestead or residence was somewhere in the E. Surrey area.

As for the relation of the dialect of this Ch. to that of O. and N., both agree in regard to Nos. 2, 4, 9, and 13. They differ in Nos. 1 and 5. The points of agreement are striking, and were it not for the existence of the Ch. we might be inclined to doubt the likelihood of finding *ē* for $\bar{æ}^1$, and *ē* instead of *ui*, in a genuine Surrey text. The differences, of which the most important perhaps is No. 5, may be explained if we assume that O. and N. was written in West Surrey, not very far from the Hants border, while the Ch., as we have seen, may with some plausibility be ascribed to an area nearer Kent, where tense *ē* for $\bar{æ}^2$ would not be remarkable. But an additional reason for ascribing the poem to West Surrey is found in the forms under No. 7. The rhymes *heonne—mancunne*, *urne—ifurne* leave no doubt that the dialect, together with others in the West, had made O.E. *eo* into a rounded vowel with the sound of [y]. I was formerly of opinion that these *u*[y]-forms did not

extend farther west than Hampshire or the Surrey border, but the recent and still unpublished investigations of Miss Serjeantson, of the University of Liverpool, seem to prove that they actually passed the border into Surrey itself. The spelling *Hurtmere*, now *Hurtmore*, which she found in F. A. V. 127, must represent O.E. *heorot-*. The place is near Godalming, and therefore near Guildford. (Miss S. also points out *Hurtwood* at the present time, about 7 miles south-west of Dorking, and within a few miles of Guildford.) If the gentleman referred to in the poem as Nicholas of Guildford had really gone into Dorset, and if he was the author of the poem, he did not learn the pronunciation which he expresses by *eo*, *u*, for the old diphthong, in his new home, as he certainly might have done—he took it with him. Other features in the dialect of the poem, especially Nos. 4, 12, and 13 are, I believe, incompatible with the Dorset dialect, but are what the Surrey Charter would lead us to expect in the speech of that county.

If the above lines of reasoning be accepted, it would seem that we have located the actual district in which the poem was written pretty exactly.

Surrey Charter (831–889), O. E. T., No. 45.

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: Elfred, ðet, þet, ęfter, dęge, hębbe, Ælfredes. (2) O.E. *eall*, *eald*: gehaldeð, haldan, gehalde, alles, halfe, allum. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: bearn, ondwardum, towardum, forðweard, geearnian. (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: mēgum, þerto, ġēre, mege Vb., wēpnedhades. (5) O.E. *ǣ*[2]: ġemēne, ērestan, clennesse, ðēm, Hwętedune, ġedele, lestan, lēne. (7) O.E. *eo* (*u-*, *a*-mutation): word(ġe)cwedu, seondare, beġeotan[2], ageofan, awreotene, geofu (Pl.), ġe wreotu, breoce Vb.; awritene; ġeweoton (N.). (8, 9, and 10) O.E. *y*: ġebyige, mynster—Angelcynnes, ġetiyrned, forðcymeð. (13) *ea*—*i*: ęrfe.

Owl and Nightingale.

(1) O.E. *ǣ*: ȝaf, after, hwat, cwaþ, þat; bihedde 'had' rh. bedde, wes. (2) O.E. *eal* + cons.: atholde, holde; but belde 'bold'. (3) O.E. *ear* + cons.: erde 'country', ȝerd, but scherp, harde (rh. erde). (4) O.E. *ǣ*[1]: speche rh. bēche* 13, rēd rh. isēd

* The origin of *bēche*, however, which only occurs in MS. Jesus, is very doubtful.

396, strete rh. forlete, ilete Inf. rh. swete 1715, breþ rh. agēþ; ēve rh. bileve vb. 41; (shortened) raddest, fēre 'companion', rh. ibēre 222 'behaviour'. (5) O.E. *æ*^{2}: brede 'breadth' rh. stede 966, sea, ar 'ere', clēne—imēne 1411–12. (6) O.E. *ēo*: preost rh. dēst 978. (7) O.E. *eo*: feole, ileorned, daisteorre, feorre, cheorles, urne Inf. rh. ifurne (*ġefyrn*), heorte, seolve, sulve = O.E. seolf, heonne 'hence' rh. mancunne 800, 1673, and with sunne 864, bineoþe. (9) O.E. *ȳ*: dusi, fordruȝe, fust 'fist'. (10) O.E. *ÿ*: uvele, mulne, buggen, cunne, þunne, custe Pret., murȝþe, murie, rugge, rure. N.B.—worse 304 rh. mersche, which points to an earlier *werse*, cunde rh. schende 273; mankenne rh. þenne 1725; *þinche* 346 shows unrounding before *-nch*, and bugge rh. ofligge 1504, before *ġġ*. Cp. also wirche 722. (11) O.E. *ēa*: bilek Pret., scheede Inf., earen. (12) O.E. *ēa—i*: iherd, ȝeme, teme, bilēve Vb. (13) O.E. *ea—i*: felle (W.S. *fiellan*), derne, cherde. (14) 3rd Pers. S.: *-eþ*. (15) Pres. Pl.: *-eþ*, *-ieþ*. (16) Str. P. P.: *-e*. (One *-en* out of twenty-three forms counted.) *i*-prefix general. (17) Inf.: loki, to clansi, plaidi, abiten, smiten, iseon, singe, schede, pleie. (18) Pres. Part.: singinde. (19) Acc. Pl. Pron. No *hes*. (20) Pl. Pron. N. G. D.: hi, heo; heom; heore, hore. N.B.—Initial *f-* is occasionally written *v-*: vaire, vule, volde, &c.

V. SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF THE INQUIRY.

We have now examined a number of texts written in different areas which are more or less known, representing altogether the speech of a considerable tract of country.

We have limited our inquiry to a certain number of linguistic features, and have endeavoured to display the geographical distribution of the different varieties of each.

We have also tried to exhibit the various grouping and combinations in which these dialect features occur in different parts of the country.

From the experience thus gained we have attempted to narrow down, and fix approximately, the regional origin of a few texts in regard to which this was less certain.

Various general considerations which may be of use for further investigation appear to emerge from our inquiry.

1. The use of the early forms of place-names in helping to establish the geographical distribution of phonological features of dialect seems to be vindicated. This holds good in particular, so far as we have got, of the treatment of O.E. *ȳ*, of the fracture of O.E. *æ* before *l* + cons., and of the various treatment of O.E. *ēo* in the dialects of East and West respectively.

2. Certain phonological features have an earlier and wider diffusion than is often supposed, e.g. the tense *ē* for O.E. *æ*[2], *ē* for O.E. *ȳ*, &c.

3. It is desirable to assume that there was a larger number of areas over which so-called 'mixed' dialects were spoken than was formerly supposed. Every one admits that London, in the narrower sense, was such an area; it was far from being the only one.

4. In our survey, which extends from S. Lincs. and Hunts. to Ess., Kt., and Surrey, we found not a series of clean-cut, ideally 'pure' dialects, but rather forms passing by gradual degrees into different types. If we compare the dialect say of S. Lincs. with that of Kt. we find, indeed, two very distinct types, but between these two extremes there are various intermediate types. Between none of these and those in immediate contiguity is there a complete gulf, but rather a gradual transition.

5. The apparent sudden breaks only exist if we select as tests one or two isolated features as typical, instead of considering a combination of features. When we place side by side the analysis of dialectal features of texts from contiguous areas we find that although they may show several important points of difference, they have also many vital points in common.

6. The dialect of Surrey agrees with Kt. in having a tense *ē* for O.E. *æ*[1], in having *ē* for *ēa*—*i*, and in most characteristic inflexions (cp. Nos. 14 to 18 incl.), also in 20 and 21; on the other hand, the dialect of W. Surrey, at all events, differs from Kt. in Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, and in not having the Pron. *hes*, which is so typical of the latter.

7. Kt. again agrees with the Ess. dialect in points 1 to 7 with the probable exception of No. 5, over part of the Ess.

area, in Nos. 12, 13, and most of the inflexional points. The two dialects differ, however, as regards Nos. 9 and 10, where Ess. has also *u* by the side of *e*.

8. Ess. agrees with Suff. in most phonological points, except that the former retains a front vowel in No. 1 longer, and in 9 and 10 has the alternatives *u*, *e*, whereas the alternatives in Suffolk are *i*, *e*. In the Inflexions, Suff. has occasional *-s* in the 3rd Pers. S. by the side of *-yð*, *-yn*, and *-e* in Pres. Pl. instead of *-eth*; it retains *-n* in P. P. and Inf., has no *i*-prefix in P. P., and prefers *arn* in Pres. Pl. where Ess. has *beeth*.

9. Suff. is differentiated from Norf. chiefly by the following points: The former has [ē̃] by the side of [ē] for O.E. *ǣ*[2]; *e* by the side of *i* for O.E. *y* appears much later in Norf. than in Suff.; *-s* in 3rd Pers. S., by the side of *-yth*, is earlier and more frequent than in Suff.; *-ande* is used in Norf. by the side of *-ende* (later *-yng*). Otherwise the two dialects appear to agree closely in respect of the various tests—applied in our inquiry.

10. The dialect of S. Lincs., which we have examined above, closely resembles that of Norf., but is distinguished from it in the following particulars: *a* becomes early the exclusive form for O.E. *æ*; the forms from fractured O.E. *-eall* are very few, compared with those in Gen. and Ex.; *-es* occurs early (as in N. Norf. of Best.) by the side of *-eþ* in 3rd Pres. S.; *-ys*, *-s* occur occasionally in Pres. Pl.; *-and* is the only alternative to *-yng* in the Pres. Part.

11. Turning to the dialect of London we find that this agrees in some degree with those of Norf. and Suff., in other respects with that of Kt., in others again with that of Surrey. With none of these types, however, is it in complete accord.

The individuality of the London dialect consists in the possession of a *group* of characteristics which appears to be shared in its entirety by no other dialect type.

The main elements of the combination are: The early use of *a* as the exclusive form for O.E. *æ̆*; the early adoption of *-ōld-* from O.E. *-āld* instead of the form derived from the fractured type; the retention of the slack form of O.E. *ǣ*[1], by the side of, but more frequently than, the tense form; the use of

the slack form of O.E. $\bar{æ}^2$ as the definitely predominant type; the use of tense *ĕ* for O.E. *ĕō*; the currency of *ē* in accordance with non-W.S. usage for O.E. *ēā*—*i*; the currency of all three forms *i*, *e*, *u* at any early date for O.E. *ÿ* (the proportion of each varies in different texts); Pres. Pls. in *-en*, as well as *-eþ*; Pres. Part. originally *-inde*, early gives place to *-ende* and more usual *-yng*; P. P. occurs both with and without *-n*, and the prefix *i-* is in common use. The London dialect is seen to be a variety of S.E. Midl.; it appears to contain no feature necessarily derived from south of the Thames.

The so-called 'Southern' features are probably indigenous to Middlx. and Ess.; the so-called 'Kentish' *e* for O.E. *y*, more probably came from Ess.

(12) It seems desirable to assume the existence of a dialect unity—differentiated doubtless in different parts of the area—which we may regard as S.E. Midl. In this area we must include, at any rate, Essex, probably a small part of Cambs., Suff., Beds., Herts., and Middlx.

At the present moment, unfortunately, we know very little of the speech of most of this area. When texts representing dialects within this region, so far unexplored, become available, we shall be in a position to fill up the blanks in our picture. At present we are compelled to form the best theory we can from very imperfect material which leaves much to conjecture.

This area in the East is comparable to that in the West which is known as S.W. Midland, the dialect of which, also variously differentiated, is represented by the so-called Catherine Group of Lives of Saints, by Ancren Riwle (Morton's Text), by Piers Plowman, and the Harleian Lyrics. Here, as in the East, there is no clean-cut division between South and Midland, but the former type passes gradually into the latter.

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